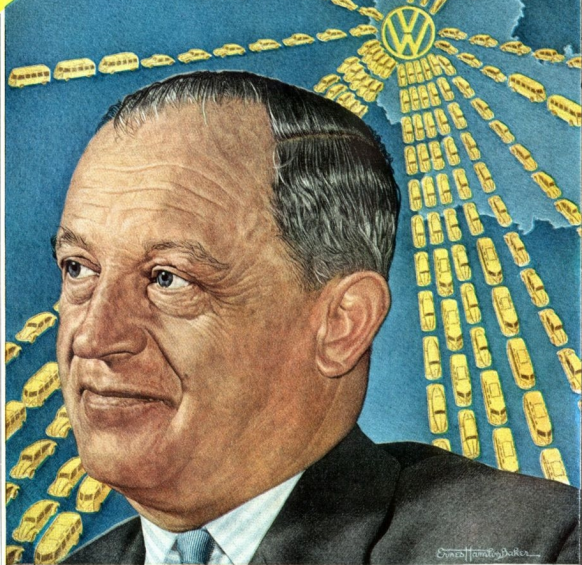


GERMANY
The Fabulous Recovery

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



AUTOMAKER HEINZ NORDHOFF

A production miracle led to a trade war.



Heroes' return

Here, on the evening of September 14, 1953, something happened that shocked the nation. This is the road, the curve, the car.

The two young men who died here were soldiers, M/ Sgt. Kenneth Hemric and Cpl. Locksley Hutchens. They had fought in Korea and were captured in the grim autumn of 1950. After nearly three years as prisoners of war, they were released at Panmunjom.

From that moment, the thing uppermost in their minds was to get back to their folks in the little North

Carolina town of Yadkinville where both had grown up. So they came home, across 10,000 miles of sea and land, to the heroes' welcome they deserved.

It was only days later that they went for a ride in the new car one of them had bought. A few miles from home, on Route 601, they crashed on a curve. Both were killed.

According to the State Police, this was the third fatality at the same spot in less than a year. Perhaps, after the latest tragedy, people will drive more cautiously here. But why

should it take repeated killings to rouse public opinion to the need for safer roads?

In your own locality you face the same set of circumstances: too many cars using narrow highways built too long ago. The result is inevitable. In these 48 states, there are nine million motor vehicle accidents a year, and two million of them end in injury or death. Yours may be the next one. For the protection of your family, fight—and vote—for highway improvement.

{ The parents of Sgt. Hemric and Cpl. Hutchens have expressed the desire to have this story used to advance the cause of highway improvement. }
 Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT



50 YEARS ON TRACKS



1904-1954



2 million tons of rock take to the air

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

IN that plant they're making concrete for a California dam that will stand as high as a 25-story building. But the stone and sand, used to make concrete, is stored across a river, a half mile away.

To get it across, a series of conveyor belts was designed that work like a bucket brigade. Rock from one belt is dumped onto the next, and then the next, and so on until it reaches the plant. But engineers knew no ordinary belt could make the sharp 139-foot climb to the top of the tower. To be strong enough for that, a regular belt would have to be so thick and stiff the rock would spill off.

Then a B. F. Goodrich man told

them his company had developed the cord belt for jobs like this. Unlike the usual conveyor belt, made of rubber and layers of fabric, the B. F. Goodrich belt is made with separate cords, each surrounded by rubber, running the length of the belt. The cords make the belt stronger without making it stiff, so it can run up steep angles and still keep its U-shape to prevent spilling.

That's the B. F. Goodrich belt in the picture. It's working out so well, it is expected to carry the two million tons needed here, and then be moved to another construction job for many more years of useful service.

The cord belt is typical of B. F. Goodrich research which is constantly at work improving all kinds of belting, hose and other rubber products and finding new ways to use them better. Don't decide any rubber product you may buy is the best to be had without first finding out from your BFG distributor what B. F. Goodrich research may have done recently to improve it. Or write The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-188, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



**G. E.'s ANNUAL
Early-Bird Sale!**

BIG

on NEW G-E AIR CONDITIONING if you act now! Payments later!

Hottest deal in cooling! Take advantage of G. E.'s "Savings-Season" offer and be ready when the hot weather hits!

**WHY THIS
OFFER is MADE**

General Electric and its dealers save on overhead when they sell air conditioning 12 months a year. Installing crews stay at peak efficiency—overtime is avoided. These savings are passed on to you, if you buy now! Avoid business losses and disappointment next summer. Monthly payments don't start till warm weather. Installation at your convenience; business is not disturbed. So why wait and sweat out delivery? You can save both money and worry with the finest air conditioner on the market today!

Ask your G-E Air Conditioning Dealer about his plans for—

- 1. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE** if you buy now! Limited-time offer.
- 2. SMALL DOWN PAYMENT!** Easy purchase plan available—terms to suit your budget.
- 3. INSTALL NOW—PAY LATER!** Buy today—pay in May!
- 4. MONTHLY PAYMENTS AS LOW AS \$30.00—only a dollar a day!**
- 5. INSTALLATION AT YOUR CONVENIENCE!** Beat the rush!



—PACKAGED— AIR CONDITIONERS

FOR BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

SAVINGS



**G-E AIR CONDITIONERS
GIVE YOU MORE IN '54!**

- **COMPLETE SEALED-IN-STEEL PROTECTION!** G. E. seals in savings, seals out trouble!
- **MONEY-IN-THE-BANK WARRANTY!** Full 5-year protection on entire cooling system!
- **MODERN STREAMLINED STYLING!** They look as good as they make you feel! They're distinctive, compact!

WRITE—WIRE—PHONE

**They pay for themselves—
faster than ever!**

G-E Air Conditioners can pay for themselves by increasing summer profits and boosting employee efficiency...often in 1 to 3 years. If you take advantage of G.E.'s big "Savings-Season" offer, your G-E Cooling will pay off even faster! Let us show you with a G-E Investment Analysis prepared for your specific business!

Mail Coupon Today!

You can put your confidence in

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Sec. T-1, Air Conditioning Division,
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please tell me how I can have air conditioning now, and pay for it later!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....COUNTY.....STATE.....

Some salesmen make cold calls...



wait and wait in waiting rooms



but if you want a "come right in"



pave the way by Telegram!

when it means business
**it's wise
to wire**

**WESTERN
UNION**

**WESTERN
UNION**

LETTERS

Sales Talk

Sir: Congratulations on your fine article, "Death of the Salesmen" (TIME, Jan. 23), one of the finest I have read on the subject. If enough salesmen read [it] and take it to heart, it could most certainly change the retail sales picture...

W. L. KNIGHTON

Denver, Colo.

Sir:

Your article on the lack of salesmen... is a joy to one who has recently been promising herself that she would buy a police whistle, take her stand in a store, and blow it for help...

MRS. ELLA POMEROY

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

... You are a master of doubletalk and a master of sophistries... I speak as a man who, for the past 18 years, has made a living as a salesman. I always have managed to make a living. I made a living selling magazine subscriptions in the depth of the Depression. I've sold sidewall and paint; I've sold newspaper space and radio time; I've sold housewives hospital insurance and I've sold businessmen businesses. In short, sir, I'm the salesman you claim is dead. Confidentially, I'm still alive—in spite of management! In order to live the way I insist upon living, I must net, after taxes, a minimum of \$8,000 a year. I am kept at that level by stupid management.

I would be worth ten times that amount to any business concern which would permit its sales to use their intelligence. I'm not talking about salary or expense account; I'm saying that I, and a dozen good salesmen I know personally, could earn \$80,000 in legitimate commissions per year for any company which would let us sell honestly and to the limit of production of the company...

WILSON BOWE

Tallahassee, Fla.

The Beagle's Bones

SIR:

BULLY FOR THE BEAGLE'S ACHIEVEMENT AS U.S. NO. 1 DOG (TIME, FEB. 1). AS OWNER AND BREEDER OF A.K.C. BEAGLE CHAMPION, MAY I SAY THAT NO "SLIGHTLY BOW-LEGGED, APARTMENT-SIZE FOXHOUND" TRULY EXEMPLIFIES



Associated Press
CHAMPION BEAGLE

THE BREED. THE BEAGLE IS STRONG AND STRAIGHT OF BONE, FOR ALL HIS SMALL SIZE.
GRETCHEN K. PEARSON

PASADENA, CALIF.

Sir:

... There is nothing crooked about the merry beagle. That's why he is on top.

IKE CARELL

Editor

Hounds & Hunting
Greenfield, Ohio

TIME bows to the best of the beagles, whose legs are indeed unbowed (see cut).—ED.

Baby Talk

Sir:

Having [participated] in a home management program similar to that in Eastern Illinois State College, I would like to venture an opinion regarding the "Case of the Resident Baby" (TIME, Jan. 23). No infant ever received more "tender, loving care" (which psychologists deem so important) than our home management house baby. The baby not only thrived on the attentions of his eight "mothers," but remained completely happy, unspoiled, and obviously free from

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NO SKID SCARE of ordinary tires. Exclusive Royaltex Tread design has as many as 47 tread rows to hold the road base, giving the only such skid protection!



NO SUCH MILEAGE—Because of their deep undertread, Royaltex Tread rows are renewable without recapping—giving you 3 tires lives in 1—up to twice the safe miles.



NO CURB SCUFF—Patented Curb Guard® Protective Rib protects sidewalls, keeps Whitewalls spotless. (*Exclusive property and Trademark of United States Rubber Company.)



THE ONLY TUBE THAT PREVENTS BLOWOUTS, exclusive U. S. Nylon Lifewall, multiplies tire strength, gives the only such protection for all tires, old or new.



In any kind of weather
... no other such tire!

In the slick of slippery weather—or the heat of desert sun, the great U. S. Royal Master gives you an entirely different and exclusive protection.

Take note of these famous features that made the Royal Master. They deliver safety and mileage far beyond all normal standards.

With its extra tread depth and strength, the U. S. Royal Master can give you up to twice the safe mileage of ordinary tires. With its exclusive texturized tread design there is no other such skid protection and stopping power in any climate or season.

For this exceptional tire life, safety, and economy—for *your new car or the one you now own*, see your car dealer or U. S. Royal Dealer now.



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



I Found a World of Musical Magic I Had Missed All My Life

with the

Orga-sonic
SPINET ORGAN
BY BALDWIN

the new
home organ
that anyone
can play



If all your life you've yearned to turn your leisure hours into pleasure, satisfaction and real relaxation, Baldwin's new Orga-sonic spinet organ is the perfect answer. For, even if you've never played a musical instrument, you'll find that from the first moment melodies magically seem to play themselves! Find your world of musical magic—today—with the Orga-sonic by Baldwin.

As modest in price as in the space it requires

Orga-sonic
SPINET ORGANS

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

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Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Please send me full information about
the Orga-sonic Organ.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS

all the little "neuroses and anxieties" psychologists and educators are so concerned with nowadays. Does Superintendent Haremski consider some of the alternatives, such as life in an orphanage or a home for unwed mothers, a "normal family setting"?

JEAN C. MURPHY

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir:

... I can only hope that too many people don't flunk home economics at Eastern Illinois State.

PHIL RUSSELL

Great Lakes, Ill.

Dancing Master

Sir:

I want to express my sincerest appreciation, and the appreciation of the entire New York City Ballet Company, for the magnificent TIME cover story [Jan. 25]... We are all very pleased...

GEORGE BALANCHINE

New York City

Sir:

... Your lovely color photos of the ballerinas (especially Maria Tallchief) were sheer joy to these jaded eyes. Many, many thanks for your tribute to my favorite art, and bravo to the New York City Ballet, which is the best in this whole world.

ERNO R. MEZO

San Francisco

Sir:

The distinguished Balanchine has no need to damn the modern dance, as he well knows that the "American style," which Europeans immediately discerned, is the direct result of the modern dance movement and its application here. It's a little sad to see the accomplished, suave Balanchine caught off balance...

MERLE ARMITAGE

New York City

The Hartley Case (Contd.)

Sir:

Concerning the Hartley case letters of Valeski and Varallay in TIME, Feb. 1: It is a sad commentary on our progressive civilization to find people today who allow primitive emotion to overshadow entirely the nobler aspects of Dr. Vance Chattin's dedicated efforts to save the Hartley boys, regardless of their physical deformity...

The question, "Should the Hartley boys have been allowed to live?", was best answered by the mother, Mrs. Cecil Hartley, when she told reporters, "I love my boys."

LOU TOROK

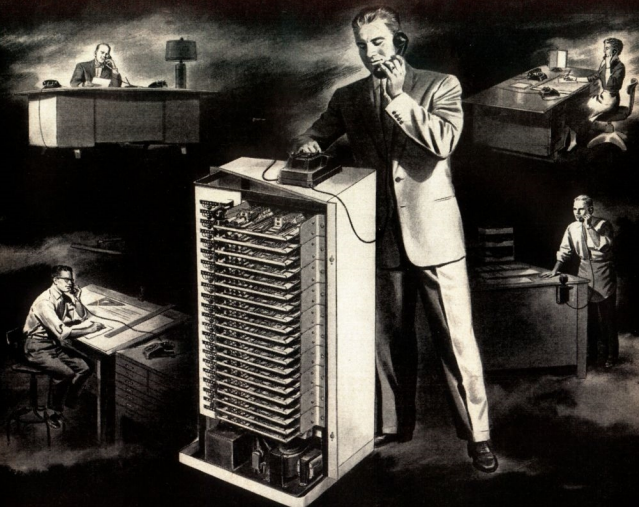
Miami

Old Husband's Tales?

Sir:

TIME... erts like most men in assessing reasons for the relatively small number of top women executives in our economy [Jan. 11]. A finger of shame for such old husband's tales as "... lack of technical aptitude and muscle power... cry... gossip... get pregnant, or something." Something, indeed! If brawn were a requisite, most male executives would be disqualified at once. Just ask their doctors—or their wives. Maybe "no man ever takes more than a day away from work to have a baby," but plenty of men take considerably more time over their ulcers or their colds...

The trouble, dear gentlemen, lies not in the sex but in yourselves. It's not that men "can't talk to women the way you do to men." It's that men just refuse to do so. And they won't pay them like men either, for equal work. That's still one of the major



If you get a busy signal — don't hang up!

Just hold on for a few moments. As soon as the party you want replaces his receiver, the intercom system will "remember" you dialed him and will *instantly* ring his bell!

Intercom service of tomorrow? No—intercom service of *today*—if your business happens to be equipped with the almost-human Stromberg-Carlson private "Dial X" intercom system.* This new equipment—designed for complete dial intercommunication *inside* a plant, office or public building—has some operating characteristics which rival old-time magic.

Want somebody paged? Do it yourself—just dial "0" and use your handset as a microphone. Want to hold an intercom *conference*? A dials B—

B dials C—C dials D, etc., up to a possible maximum of 40 people—all in on one line!

In an *important* hurry, but the line you want is busy? Dial it—push a button—and use your executive right-of-way. Need more stations but don't want to invest in a whole new system? Well, go ahead and install extensions—as many as *ten* of them on any one line! And it all costs surprisingly little.

This is the 1954 Stromberg-Carlson—meeting modern intercommunication needs with engineering imagination, the same way it led the original telephone world, 'way back in 1894. If your business has a problem which this sort of know-how can solve, we'd like to hear from you.

** A product of the Sound Equipment Division.*

There is nothing finer than a
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High Fidelity
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Systems



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Vision"
TV Receivers

AND MANY OTHER ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS FOR OUR ARMED FORCES

The criterion of good taste the world over...Yardley for men



Feel the bracing
freshness that only Yardley
After Shaving Lotion can give!
This superb lotion counteracts
irritation and imparts a masculine
fragrance that's right because
it's Yardley. At fine stores everywhere,
\$1.10 and \$1.50, plus tax.



By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley London

Makers and distributors for U.S.A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

reasons for the income differential cited in your article . . .

Those of us who operate our own businesses exercise the same executive qualities as we would in "important corporate jobs," if we were welcomed into them. And we don't do it by fluttering either our eyelids or our Victorian lace handkerchiefs . . .

New York City

CONSTANCE HOPE

Sir:

The reason women don't become great executives is that they don't have wives.

Davenport, Iowa

BETSY INNES

Hero Hammond

Sir:

The wife and mother of Francis Colton Hammond, Navy hospital corpsman 1/c, were deeply hurt by the article in the Jan. 11 issue of *TIME*, "Report on a Drug Clerk." It is felt that a great injustice has been done to the memory of this young man who died a hero's death. The article . . . tends to belittle the youth and training of this young man when it would appear that nothing too good could have been said in recording publicly the life of one to whom the entire nation owes a debt of gratitude . . .

C. GORDON SMITH JR.

Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

. . . This article, particularly the last paragraph, ranks with anything I have ever read in either literature or report writing, and the writer responsible is to be commended . . .

Birmingham, Mich.

W. P. MURPHY

Calling Dr. Dallis

Sir:

. . . I would be less than modest if I did not tell you that a lion's share of Rex Morgan's success [*TIME*, Jan. 25] is due to the contribution of my two artist associates, Marvin Bradley and Frank Edgington . . . Years ago comic strips were written and drawn by one man. The modern fiction strips, like *Rex Morgan, M.D.*, are a collaboration between artists and writers . . .

NICHOLAS P. DALLIS, M.D.

Toledo

Sir:

Three cheers for Dr. Dallis! At last a deadly, disastrous weapon has been placed in the hands of an educator . . . Perhaps some day comic strips and comic books will once again furnish our children and us with wholesome entertainment and educate us besides!

MRS. TIMOTHY F. ROBINSON

Roanoke, Va.

TV Payoff

SIR:

. . . I AM APPALLED, AMAZED, ASTONISHED AND SICKENED BY YOUR ILL-BASED, ILL-CONCEIVED, ILL-DESIGNED AND FANTASTICALLY INCORRECT PIECE ON "PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV" [*TIME*, Feb 1] . . . THIS IS EITHER A HIGH MARK OF STUPIDITY OR AN UNBELIEVABLE PEAK IN PUBLIC IGNORANCE . . . OVER 2,000 RADIO STATIONS IN THIS COUNTRY HAVE BEEN BORN, NURSED, AND FINANCIALY MATURED IN SPIRE OF YOUR NONSENSICAL IMPLICATION THAT ADVERTISING COMMERCIALS ARE DISAPPROVED . . . PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV IS THE MOST IDIOTIC, IMPRACTICAL AND ABSURD IDEA FOSTERED IN THE FIELD OF PUBLIC MEDIA . . . NEXT TO RADIO, TV IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL AND EFFICIENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM CREATED BY MAN . . .

LEON P. GORMAN
GENERAL MANAGER

WABI AND WABI-TV
BANGOR, ME.

"How can they get both a dryer and a washer in there?"



With the Bendix Duomatic, you actually get a complete laundry... in just 36 inches of wall space. This one machine washes, then fully dries your clothes... automatically. All you do is take them out... ready to wear, iron or put away!



"It's a washer, it's a dryer, it's everything. That's what delights me."

Mrs. O. A. Sharpless, Atlanta, Georgia



"The best surprise is the way it washes. I've never had clothes come out so clean."
Mrs. John Self, Chicago, Illinois

That's because the Duomatic washes a new way—by *hi-lift, deep surge* Tumble Action that opens every fold to jets of hot, sudsy water. Bendix Magic Heater keeps washwater hot and hard-working. That's another reason Mrs. Self's clothes sparkle with cleanness

Set the dials just once; the Bendix Duomatic washes, rinses and completely dries—in a single, continuous operation. Or you can use the Duomatic as a washer only... as a dryer only. It's completely versatile. You can even stop it to add or remove clothes. (A handy trick when you find Junior's socks under the bed.)

WASHER-DRYER ALL-IN-ONE

BENDIX

DUOmatic

See the one and only washer-dryer all-in-one at your Bendix Dealer's now! See why the women who already have the Bendix Duomatic are so enthusiastic about the way it works. Or use the coupon at right, to send for the fascinating booklet that will answer all your questions about the Bendix Duomatic.

All-in-one... or... side by side



Please send me the booklet that answers 59 questions about the Duomatic.

Name

Address

City State

Mail coupon to:
BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Dept. W-24,
1329 Arlington,
Cincinnati 25, Ohio



BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES
AVCO Manufacturing Corp.
Cincinnati 25, Ohio

TRIPLE ECONOMY

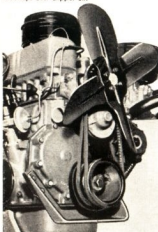
It's the biggest truck news of '54

Never before have so many important advancements been made in all the 3 biggest truck savings-areas as appear in the NEW Ford Trucks for '54! The mightiest concentration of power per cubic inch ever built into any truck engine line! Still better working facilities for drivers. Bigger capacities too!

New Ford Trucks for '54 offer important *money-saving* advancements you just can't get in any other trucks. Take engines, for example. For the power they develop, Ford Truck engines for '54 have less cubic inch displacement than engines in other-make lines.

For instance, Ford's 239-cu. in. *Power King* V-8 develops its 130 h.p. on as much as 43 cubic inches less displacement. *Every cubic inch of displacement in an engine is a "hungry inch" that demands gas.* Small-displacement engines normally need less gas. And that's only one big factor behind Ford Truck *Triple Economy* for 1954.

115-h.p. Coit Clipper Six



5 great truck engines!

V-8 or SIX!

130-h.p. Power King V-8



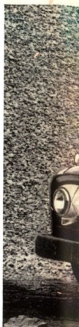
138-h.p. Power King V-8

152-h.p. Cargo King V-8

170-h.p. Cargo King V-8



Only Ford gives you Gas-Saving, LOW-FRICTION, High-Compression, Overhead-Valve, Deep-Block engines in ALL truck models! All with advancements like Ford-designed overhead rotating valves for longer valve life, short-reach manifolds for higher breathing efficiency.



NEW Ford Master-Guide Power Steering standard on Series T-800, optional at extra cost on most other **BIG JOBS!** Cuts steering effort as much as 75%.



240° Bearing Support

Smooth power! NEW Deep-Block design! Ford engine blocks have deep-skirt crankcases, wide-base flywheel housings, for high structural rigidity.



1. NEW LOW-FRICTION engines offer power increases up to 23%!

One reason for greater power with gas-saving economy: new wedge-shaped combustion chambers create higher turbulence, burn gas more completely, without pre-ignition.

2. NEW 3-MAN DRIVERIZED CABS for easier, safer control!

For economy that results from keeping the driver fresh on the job! Exclusive Ford seat shock snubbers. New woven plastic upholstery "breathes" like cloth. Huge curved one-piece windshield for visibility unlimited!

3. NEW GREATER CAPACITY! NEW FACTORY-BUILT 6-WHEELERS, up to 40,000 lbs. GVW!

For more economical movement of big loads within legal limits in all States! Two new Ford Cab Forward BIG JOBS, rated up to 55,000 lbs. GCW, for 35-ft. trailers.



ONLY Ford has DRIVERIZED CAB comfort! Deluxe Cab shown has foam rubber seat padding, plus 15 other custom extras (at extra cost).



NEW Ford engines reduce friction losses up to 33%! Short-stroke design cuts internal friction, delivers more usable power per gallon of gas.



NEW Fordomatic Drive saves driver time and energy. Fully automatic! No clutching! No shifting! Available in all Ford light-duty models for '54.*



NEW Vacuum Boosted Power Brakes now available on half-tonners make stopping up to 25% easier.* Pressure needed to stop truck won't break light bulb.



For '54, Gross capacities increased up to 48% with two all-new Tandem-Axle BIG JOBS. Rated up to 60,000 lbs. GCW! Four wheelbases, 144 in. to 192 in. Priced with the lowest. Ford-designed chassis with Ford-installed tandem axles.

*All items marked by an asterisk in this advertisement are available at worth-while extra cost



Now over 220 new Ford Truck models, from Pickups to giant tandem-axle 6-wheelers!

FORD TRIPLE ECONOMY TRUCKS
MORE TRUCK FOR YOUR MONEY



Now soft flannels and tweeds have a down-to-earth practicality

Take the new flannel with "Orlon" between your fingers (if you write us, we'll send you a swatch of it). The first thing you'll notice is its soft, soft touch and its rich, luxurious texture.

But the thing you can't feel, or see at first glance, is the new *practicality* that Du Pont "Orlon" adds to clothes. To get an idea of what this means, twist the fabric in your hand and notice the way it resists wrinkling. Think of that in terms of your next new suit keeping a neat, *Du Pont makes fibers only, not fabrics or garments*

well-pressed look longer. Even caught in the rain, this new kind of flannel dries with the crease still in! Think of that in terms of your suit holding a press longer in *any* kind of weather.

It all adds up to good-looking clothes that need less care. And that kind of down-to-earth practicality means *you* always look your best.

So ask for clothes of "Orlon" acrylic fiber. And for that free swatch, write Room 2522-T, Du Pont Co., Wilmington, Del.

"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber

Orlon®

ACRYLIC FIBER



Better Things for Better Living
... through Chemistry

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1954

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Since that day when Editor James Gordon Bennett Jr. sent his reporter, Henry Stanley, to find Dr. Livingstone, the job of reporting the news of Africa has become somewhat easier, but there are still a lot of problems. One of those problems is the immense distances that have to be covered.

One way these distances may affect a reporter was described recently by a newspaperman in Northern Rhodesia. Said he: "It sometimes seems that the home office of every newspaper and news agency is equipped with schoolroom atlases which have maps of Africa neatly squeezed into one page. News editors look at the map, see Accra within six inches of Northern Rhodesia, and send off a breezy query."

Today, as more and more news occurs in Africa, TIME has geared its coverage to keep pace with the events there. I recently asked our Johannesburg bureau chief, Alexander Campbell (TIME, June 9, 1952), to describe this pace. With the help of nine part-time correspondents, his regular beat includes everything south of the Sahara—a territory roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ times the size of the United States.

Campbell's answer to my query began: "I'm typing this while flying on a plane from Johannesburg to Accra. Three days ago I was on the east coast of Africa, in Nairobi. To go from Nairobi to Accra via Johannesburg may seem like a round-about way, but actually it's the quickest. To fly straight across would have meant hanging around the Belgian Congo for air connections. There is no good east-west trans-Africa air schedule."

Other problems, says Campbell, are a lack of free flow of internal news and an indifference on the part of one area to what is happening in another. He cited, for example, a recent experience in Khartoum, where he checked with a local editor for the latest regional news. The answer he got: "Oh, nothing but this business in Uganda. The British have deposed some guy called the *Kabaka*. We're not going to run the story ... not much interest ... too

far away." (Six hours later, Campbell was on a plane bound for neighboring Uganda to report the story (TIME, Dec. 14.) Adds Campbell: "The indifference is not peculiar in their preference to affairs beyond their borders. When you are in Accra, it is almost impossible to discover what is happening next door in Nigeria. When you move over to Lagos, you might be on another planet from Accra. Almost no news comes out of the Belgian Congo, French Africa or Portuguese Africa. If you want to find out what is happening there, you have to go in person and dig ... dig ... dig ..."

Ordinary communications are a test of patience. "Not so long ago, it was the custom in Africa to send a message in a cleft stick carried by a native runner and then sit back and wait six months for the answer. Now, things are slightly better, but not much. In the Union of South Africa, the most advanced country on the 'Dark Continent,' a telephone conversation even between Capetown and Johannesburg is an ordeal of waiting and cajolery. To phone Nairobi from Johannesburg, you must 1) book the call 24 hours in advance, 2) call via London." Even the telegraph is uncertain. "Once in Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on a Friday afternoon, I filed a TIME story at the local cable station and asked when it would reach New York. The operator calculated that with luck it might be delivered by the following Tuesday." Between Ndola and Capetown, the operator explained, there were an awful lot of elephants, and elephants have a habit of playing hob with telegraph lines.

Regardless of the elephants, the distances and other hurdles, our correspondents continue to report their news each week to keep the editors informed. Sometimes they have a tendency toward the laconic answer if a story they are asked to check turns out to be mere rumor. There was the time, for example, when British-born David Cole, our part-time correspondent in Northern Rhodesia, received a query from New York and replied: "There, old chap. I think you're a bit up the pole. Absolutely no truth in your notion, and I've been having a hearty laugh ever since at the very idea."

Cordially yours,

James A. Lisen





Brig. General David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

Sees No. 1 wish come true!

Television Tape Recording by RCA Opens New Era of Electronic Photography

In 1956, RCA's General Sarnoff will celebrate his 50th year in the field of radio. Looking ahead to that occasion, three years ago, he asked his family of scientists and researchers for three gifts to mark that anniversary: (1) A television tape recorder, (2) An electronic air conditioner, (3) A true amplifier of light.

Gift No. 1—the video tape recorder—has already been successfully demonstrated, two years ahead of time! Both color and black-and-white TV pictures were instantly recorded on magnetic tape without any photographic development or processing.

You can imagine the future importance of this development to television broadcasting, to motion pictures, education, industry and national defense. And you can see its entertainment value to you, in your own home. There the tape equipment could be used for home movies, and—by connecting it to your television set—you could make personal recordings of your favorite TV programs.

Expressing his gratitude for this "gift," General Sarnoff said it was only a matter of time, perhaps two years, before the finishing touches would bring this recording system to commercial reality. He described this RCA achievement as the first major step into an era of "electronic photography."

Such achievements as this, stemming from continuous pioneering in research and engineering, make "RCA" an emblem of quality, dependability and progress.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World leader in radio—first in television

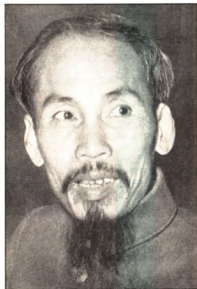


NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

To Tolerate or Oppose?

While the U.S. warmed itself with news of Western propaganda victories at the Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference in Berlin last week, a chilling scene was quietly enacted in Indo-China. On direct orders from President Eisenhower, some 250 U.S. Air Force technicians landed in



Robert Cohen—Black Star
COMMUNIST HO CHI MINH
 French tactics inadequate?

Indo-China from U.S. air bases in Japan. They were the vanguard of a major U.S. effort to save Indo-China from going down to defeat—an evidence of the gravest crisis in U.S.-Asian policy since the outbreak of the war in Korea.

The crisis developed almost without warning. The press, which had overplayed a short-lived Communist foray across the waist of Indo-China last December, had underplayed the more recent and more serious worsening of the French position in Indo-China. Washington thought that France had agreed last year to drive for victory. But the agreement was only paper-deep. Paris' heart simply is not in the Indo-China war.

Wasted Season. Washington began to be suspicious of this when the French forces failed to take advantage of new U.S. supplies and good weather to launch

a major offensive against Communist Leader Ho Chi Minh's forces. Recently the suspicions were confirmed when the French sent an S O S asking for a U.S. commander in Indo-China, along with U.S. air power and ground troops. Immediately the Indo-China problem flew to the top of the agenda of the National Security Council. Last week the President appointed an NSC subcommittee, consisting of Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith and Deputy Defense Secretary Roger Kyes, to draw up a plan of action with the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The Joint Chiefs believe, professionally, that the war is being lost because the French tactics have been poor. From a strictly military viewpoint, the chiefs would like to 1) install a U.S. commander, 2) support him with U.S. air power and a naval blockade of the China coast, 3) give him money and men to develop independent native armies—much as General James Van Fleet developed them in Greece and the Republic of Korea.*

There were plenty of ready political arguments in Washington against this military solution. For one, G.O.P. leaders in Congress believe the Korean peace is one of their greatest political assets in this election year, shudder at the thought of involvement in a fresh war in Indo-China. For another, Treasury Secretary Humphrey and Budget Director Dodge have warned that a stepped-up military program will ruin their crusade for a balanced budget. The State Department, for its part, is worrying about how its European allies, notably Britain, might react to direct intervention, or even to a blockade of Communist China.

President Eisenhower must make the ultimate decision. To date, he clings to the hope that U.S. technical assistance will stiffen the French, and that the French can still win. The 250 U.S. officers and airmen in Indo-China will soon be reinforced by 150 more. Their job: to get the bogged-down French air force flying efficiently again. The next move may be a blockade of the Indo-Chinese coast (but not China) to prevent reinforcement by

sea. This would require a naval carrier task force to move into the South China Sea. If these measures do not bring victory, the President may be asked to consider stronger measures.

The Source. These proposals do not seem to have much in common with Secretary Dulles' ringing announcement (TIME, Jan. 25) that the U.S. will meet the Communist challenge "vigorously at places and



U.S. Navy
J.C.S. CHAIRMAN RADFORD
 American forces to Indo-China?

with means of its own choosing." And they do not because the Administration has never really made up its mind whether to move against Communist China, the source of supply for Communist armies in Indo-China.

Dulles has strengthened Dean Acheson's Far Eastern policy by building what is, in effect, a barbed-wire fence around Communist China. Thus, U.S. forces are already in place to retaliate against new aggression in Korea—not on the ground, but in the bombardment of Chinese Communist armies and supply routes in Manchuria. But a fence cannot stop the Chinese from shifting supplies under the wire; since the end of the Korean war, Peking has sent the Indo-Chinese Communists bigger shipments of better arms than ever before.

Worst of all, the fence concept gains no

* A course best outlined by Van Fleet himself in the February *Readers' Digest*. "The lesson for us," he wrote, "is that free Asia may easily be saved if we provide our worthy allies with [U.S.-run military training] schools. They can be built for barely \$5,000,000 each and, with the aid of less than two dozen American instructors . . . give courses lasting from four to 24 weeks to 10,000 eager pupils . . ."



THE PRESIDENT, THE FIRST LADY, EX-PRESIDENT HOOVER*
For preserving the nation, a cue from Lincoln.

Associated Press

advantage for the free world from the strength of the best anti-Communist armies in Asia, the Republic of Korea forces and Chinese nationalist forces on Formosa. Held in by U.S. policy, Chiang's strength becomes a wasting, aging asset to the free world. Some U.S. planners, notably J.C.S. Chairman Admiral Arthur Radford, object strenuously to a policy which grants the Communists time to stabilize their position and prepare for a next move.

THE PRESIDENCY

Speak Softly

At last week's press conference, President Eisenhower, although he didn't say so, borrowed a leaf from his Republican predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt. Agreeing with Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, who had complained that Americans have been doing too much "atom rattling" by scare headlines and speeches warning of the nation's military might, the President said he has spent some little time at war, and he didn't think that big and bombastic talk was the thing that other people fear.

A number of campaigns were fought over in Europe, the President observed, and he didn't recall once issuing a pre-campaign statement that his forces were big and strong and mighty and tough and were going to beat somebody's brains out. By the same token, the Administration is just going about its business like Americans ought to, he hoped.

In other words, Dwight Eisenhower had adopted T.R.'s maxim: "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

Last week the President also:

☐ Revealed that, on his orders, the presidential Constellation *Columbine* had brought 16 leave-bound G.I.s from Berlin after taking Secretary of State Dulles to the four-power meeting. The surprised

soldiers thought they were assigned to a cargo plane until they boarded.

☐ Sent to the Senate the names of 272 nominees for postmasterships. Among them: Neva B. Quick, to be postmistress at Nichols, N.Y. (pop. 578).

☐ Vetted three bills, 1954's first vetoes. The bills were to authorize commemorative half-dollars for the Louisiana Purchase sesquicentennial, the Northampton, Mass. and New York, N.Y. tercentennials. Explained the President: "Multiplicity of designs on U.S. coins would tend to create confusion among the public and to facilitate counterfeiting."

REPUBLICANS

Whipping the Doom Criers

Since the nation was not doomed to economic collapse last week, Republicans decided that it was time to challenge Democrats who cried that it was. The voices of the doom criers heard in the land warned that 1) the Republicans were courting a depression, and 2) if it came, they wouldn't know how to cope with it.

Four Horsemen. Republican Chairman Leonard W. Hall hurled the first gauntlet in the presence of his national committee, which assembled in Washington in honor of Abraham Lincoln, the G.O.P.'s centennial and the opening of the 1954 election campaign. "I sometimes wonder," said Hall, warning to his assignment, "whose interests these left-wingers think they are serving by their incessant talk of slump, recession and depression." Hall said that they were silent in 1950, when unemployment was double what it is now.

Then he got down to cases: "What motivates Walter Reuther? What prompted Adlai Stevenson's 'fear' speech? Could Senator Paul Douglas be worried about

* Singing *God Bless America* at party rally.

election year? . . . Just what is Wayne Morse and his one-man party contributing to the welfare of the country? Yet, this quartet rides like the Four Horsemen, spreading gloom and doom across the land . . . The left wing in America regards a depression as its one-way ticket into power."

Fear Deal or Fumble. The President of the U.S. entered the fray in a vigorous political speech at a G.O.P. rally in Washington's Uline Arena, took his cue from the heritage of Lincoln: "Let us not be afraid to be humble as he was humble when it was necessary . . . When it comes down to [preserving] this nation . . . let us be just as courageous as Lincoln was courageous."

Dwight Eisenhower exhorted his party to be liberal in dealing with people, but in dealing with the people's money, to be conservative. "And don't be afraid to use the word," he advised sternly.

The Republican Party, he went on, "is the best political instrument available in this country" for making certain that every individual American has the opportunity to make of himself what he can, with the Federal Government acting as a sympathetic big brother. By following President Lincoln's example, the President said, we "don't have to listen to the prophets of gloom who say that we are going to go into a kind of stumble or fumble or fall."

The assault was sustained the next day by White House Chief of Staff Sherman Adams, who told the Republican National Committee: "The attempt by these political sadists . . . to talk this country into a depression [is a] perniciously evil device [for] attempting to destroy the confidence of the people in our Government . . . It should be recognized . . . [as] the 'fear deal.'"

This week House Democratic Leader Sam Rayburn, stung by the G.O.P. attack, lashed back. Said Mister Sam: The attacks on Democrats by men in high administration circles were "mean, untrue and dastardly."

DEMOCRATS

Hickory, Dickory, Hoax

In the week's fast-stepping piece of partisan dialectic, Harry S. Truman, ex-President of the U.S., gave his successor in the White House an old-fashioned hickory-stick tanning. The speech, delivered in New York to the Roosevelt Day Dinner of the Americans for Democratic Action, turned out a long list of scorching criticisms of the Republican Administration.

Unlike some fellow Democrats, who have been fearing doom and depression, Harry Truman seemed willing to recognize the facts of U.S. prosperity. In fact, he chided the Administration for lacking the courage of its convictions: If the U.S. is more prosperous than ever, Truman said, the Administration should not say "that we are not prosperous enough . . . to increase the minimum wage."

Truman's other complaints included:

¶ "The cold war is still with us."
¶ "The budget is not balanced—and won't be."

¶ "The only tax reductions in effect . . . were enacted by the preceding Democratic Congress, and most of the proposed tax reductions are no good. The 'new tax bill . . . is a rich man's relief measure if I ever heard of one . . . I have heard of tax systems before where investment income is taxed at a higher rate than earned income, but this is the first time I have ever heard of that process being reversed."

¶ "The farmers have not got 100% of parity yet."

¶ "Much time has been lost by the mistake they made" in cutting down the Air Force last year.

¶ "In housing, they have written a long report to justify the virtual gutting of the low-rent housing and slum-clearance program."

¶ "They can . . . give away the offshore oil, give away Hell's Canyon dam and botch up the St. Lawrence Seaway and pretend like they'd done something great." For the matter of Communists in Government, the soft spot in the Democratic hide this election year, Harry Truman threw his fiercest strokes. By giving the impression that the list of 2,200 discharged security risks included a lot of Communists, Truman charged, "they undertook to perpetrate one of the biggest hoaxes ever attempted in American history . . . This is the Republican Administration I am talking about—not irresponsible members of Congress . . . They announced from the White House, with much fanfare, that they were doing a wonderful job—simply magnificent—of cleaning the Communists out of the Government, and that . . . already they had gotten rid of 1,456 'security risks'. The number had grown to 2,200 by the time of the State of the Union message . . . It seems to me that the presidential press conference and the State of the Union message ought not to be used for such deceptive practices as this . . . If the number can't be broken down, it should never have been built up."

Some Republicans, who implied that the built-up number was loaded with built-in Communists, were vulnerable to Truman's charge. But Harry Truman was hoaxing himself when he pointed an accusing finger directly at Dwight Eisenhower's State of the Union message: in that message, the President did not mention Communists in connection with the 2,200, said only that they were separated "under the standards established for the new employee security program."

THE CONGRESS

To Be Continued

The Bricker amendment serial ran on and on, and Georgia's veteran Democratic Senator Walter George was fed up. When the White House turned down his substitute amendment (TIME, Feb. 8), George rumbled: "There is no hope for compro-

mise now." He took his proposal to the Senate floor and pressed for a vote. But in the U.S. Senate last week, patience was a necessary virtue—and Walter George would have to wait until a few more chapters ran their course. Among last week's episodes:

¶ Ohio's Republican Senator John Bricker, badly in need of some face-saving after moving far from his original position, wanted to make it appear that the Administration was also being forced into a compromise. He offered to accept a modified version of the George amendment on condition that President Eisenhower also publicly endorse it.

¶ The President would have none of it. He told his press conference (see above) that he would not compromise by one word with any amendment which alters the constitutional balance of the three branches of Government. Besides, said Ike, the whole question is very intricate, and there should be no hurry. The Eisenhower stand caused Bricker to backpedal toward his starting point. He introduced a reworded version of his famed "which" clause. Cried Bricker: "I will never surrender on the basic principles involved."

¶ Missouri's Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings Jr., spokesman for an anti-Bricker group which never had an idea of compromise, recognized the George substitute as the chief threat. He pointed to George's key provision, which would make international executive agreements effective as U.S. internal law only when approved by both branches of Congress. If this right were given to the House, said Hennings, the traditional power of the South to block a two-thirds Senate vote would be diluted. Hennings was fully aware of George's main source of support: the Senate's Southern bloc.

¶ Majority Leader William Knowland, caught in the crossfire between the Administration and the Brickerites, produced still another amendment draft. It was a makeshift effort with little support. Knowland finally announced that there would be no vote on any of the schemes until next week so as to give the U.S. public "an opportunity to look and study."

From the Committees

Out of congressional committees last week came reports of major importance. Items:

¶ The Senate Interior Committee approved Alaskan statehood 14 to 1 (Louisiana's Democratic Senator Russell Long). The bill follows one for Hawaiian statehood to the Senate floor, where opponents will attempt to link them together and then kill them both.

¶ An increase of some \$240,565,000 a year in postal rates was approved 13 to 7 by the House Post Office & Civil Service Committee. Among the changes: first-class letters sent out of town would cost 4¢, airmail letters 7¢, and second-class mail (newspapers, magazines, etc.) would be gradually increased to about 33% above the present rate by April 1957.

¶ The House Public Works Committee okayed by a whopping 23-to-6 vote the long-fought St. Lawrence Seaway bill (already passed by the Senate).

¶ The House Ways & Means Committee endorsed President Eisenhower's proposals to give relief to U.S. companies doing business overseas. The committee approved tax-law revisions 1) permitting American firms with branches abroad to defer tax payments on foreign earnings until the income is brought into the U.S., and 2) making overseas income taxable at 38% rather than the present 52%.



SENATOR LEHMAN, EX-PRESIDENT TRUMAN, AVERELL HARRIMAN
For rich men's relief, an old-fashioned tanning.

The Boy Scouts

... Down the horn
Of her ear-trumpet I convey
The news that: "It is Judgment Day!"
"Speak louder; I don't catch, my dear."
I roared: "It is the Trump we hear!"
"The What?"—*The T R U M P!* ...
"I shall complain—
Those boy-scouts practising again!"
Solo for Ear-Trumpet, by Edith Sitwell

Joe McCarthy's most articulate enemies, the Fair Dealers, always leave the impression that they will do anything in their power to see that Joe gets his comeuppance, come Judgment Day. Last week came Judgment Day; up before the Senate was Joe's request for \$214,000 to carry on the work of his permanent subcommittee on investigations during the next year. The vote: 85 "yea," only one "nay"—a voice raised by Arkansas Democrat William Fulbright after McCarthy had demanded a roll-call vote. Among the liberals who failed to hear the Trump: Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, Illinois' Paul Douglas, New York's Herbert Lehman, Oregon's Wayne Morse.

A Word for Joe

Four years ago this week, an obscure Wisconsin Senator named Joe McCarthy turned up in Wheeling, W.Va. to claim that he had "here in my hand" the names of 205 Communists in the State Department. Left-wing Democrats picked Joe as a nice fat target and right-wing Republicans helped build him into a hero. Last week, at Washington's National Airport, McCarthy stepped out of his Texas-donated Cadillac with his bride on his arm, stepped into the Plymouth Oil Co.'s private DC-3 and headed off on a nine-speech tour, which the Republican National Committee hoped would be influential in swinging the 1954 elections.

Joe's first stop was Charleston, W.Va., where, on a cold, wet night, he drew a good crowd of 2,800 to an auditorium that had seats for 3,517. Next stop was Canton, Ohio, where he drew 4,000 to an auditorium built for 6,000—competing with bad weather and a championship high-school basketball game. From there he went on to Mt. Clemens, Mich., then to a jam-packed, impassioned session with 1,000 of his fellow Wisconsinites in Madison's Eagles Hall. Sample McCarthy extravagance: "The Democratic label is now the property of men who have been unwilling to recognize evil or who bent to whispered pleas from the lips of traitors ... men and women who wear the political label stitched with the idiocy of a Truman, rotted by the deceit of an Acheson, corrupted by the Red slime of a White."

Joe worked hard to make his audiences (mostly middle-aged and middle-class), local newspapers and local politicians completely McCarthy-conscious. He rarely mentioned the President, and he ignored the Administration's accomplishments, but

carried on his guerrilla campaign to get the Administration to cut off all aid to allies trading with Red China. "The question to be determined in this fall's election is," said he, "whether we are going to use American dollars indirectly to finance the blood trade."

But most of all, as Joe swung west to his climactic dates in Los Angeles and



CAMPAIGNER MCCARTHY
Extravagance on a swing.

Dallas this week, he was talking about himself, making it clear all along the way that he is trying to make McCarthy the key to the 1954 elections, just as he had promised he would, in his Harry Dexter White speech last November.

THE ADMINISTRATION Burned

From his seat in the Senate Labor Committee hearing room, pudgy Albert C. (for Cummins) Beeson arose, puffed out his chest and, in carefully rehearsed tones, announced: "We are quibbling while Rome burns." He was wrong; the smoke came from some of Beeson's burning bridges.

As a Republican appointee to the National Labor Relations Board, Beeson came to Washington with a long and respected record as a company representative in labor-management relations. But with the very first question asked him in committee hearings, Beeson showed that his wisdom was no burden on his tongue. Yes, said Beeson, he had once lectured on economics at Rutgers. That answer would have sufficed, but Beeson rambled on: "I was frankly there to try to explain the American enterprise system from the businessman's viewpoint." Asked the C.I.O.'s James Carey, a later witness: Would not Beeson also administer the Taft-Hartley law from a "businessman's viewpoint?"

Despite strong opposition from labor leaders (truculent John L. Lewis called him "Union-Buster Beeson"), the committee approved Beeson's nomination by a 7 (all Republicans) to 6 (all Democrats) vote.

Then it was learned that 1) Beeson was merely taking leave of absence as industrial-relations director of the Food Machinery and Chemical Corp. and expected to return there after one year on the NLRB, and 2) he stood to get a pension from the company. Since this raised an obvious conflict-of-interests issue (Beeson was still technically in the employ of a company that could be affected by his NLRB votes), further committee hearings were called. When he got up to play out his Rome-burning scenario, Beeson promised to resign outright from the company and to renounce its contributions to his pension (adding up to \$4,424). Said he: "My wife and I are glad to make that sacrifice if it would make the men on the Democratic side happier."

FOOD Hot Buttered Trouble

Stacked carton upon carton in cold U.S. warehouses is enough surplus butter (261 million lbs.) to spread 16,704,000,000 slices of toast, or to butter 8,352,000,000 hot rums.* With more surplus rolling in at the rate of 7,000,000 lbs. a week, President Eisenhower last week publicly expressed what his agricultural experts have been saying privately for months: something has to be done about butter.

In the Department of Agriculture, specialists have been working overtime on plans for melting the surplus out of the warehouses and onto the toast. Among the possibilities is a "Rexall" or 1¢ sale, in which surplus butter would be sold to consumers for 1¢ a lb. if they bought a pound or two of newly produced butter at the regular price. Another possibility is a Brannan-like direct-subsidy plan, under which butter would find its price level in the market, and the Government would pay dairymen the difference between that price and a predetermined parity level. Still another: the old New Deal food stamp plan, to distribute the surplus to needy families at a cut rate.

"Blending" the Price. But the plan that was running ahead of all others last week called for a "blended" price. The Government would sell the surplus to dealers at a cut rate (possibly as low as 1¢ a lb.), and permit them to sell it and newly produced butter to the public at an average price. Thus, if the wholesale price of butter stayed at the present 67¢ a lb. and the Government let dealers have the surplus at 1¢, the retail price for all butter would be the average—34¢ a lb.—plus distribution costs.

The blended price plan, which has ranked high at the Agriculture Depart-

* At $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of butter per slice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per rum.

ment for several weeks, got a new boost last week when representatives of the National Milk Producers Federation called on President Eisenhower to adopt it. The milkmen were escorted by none other than Vermont's Senator George Aiken, chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee. The blend plan, like each of the others, has its opponents. Among them: some big buttermen, who think that it might permanently undermine the butter price structure.

After last month's furor about whether surplus butter should be sold to Russia (TIME, Jan. 25), official Washington realizes that bargain butter will have to be passed to U.S. housewives first. Nonetheless, the Administration is studying some plans to dispose of the surplus abroad when the foreign consumers' turn at the table comes. Under one butter-for-guns proposal, the U.S. would use butter to pay some overseas defense costs.

Churning Disaster. All of the plans under consideration have their shortcomings, and all of them would milk the U.S. Treasury to some degree. But Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson and his staff know that they will have to choose some way of dumping the surplus within the next few months. Chief reason: despite careful refrigeration and some turnover in the stock, the stored butter will soon begin to go rancid.

Butter is not the only surplus milk product stacked up in U.S. warehouses. Also on the shelves are 271 million lbs. of Cheddar cheese, 449 million lbs. of dried milk. Total value of butter, cheese and milk: \$358 million.

Getting the surplus out of the freezers is only part of the problem. The other part: to keep them from filling up again. By April 1, Benson must announce whether the Government will continue supporting dairy prices at 90% of parity, a policy that incites production of more surplus. Last year Benson temporarily pocketed his freer-market principles and decided to maintain the high, rigid supports after a plea and a promise from the dairy industry. Dairy men said that 1) it would be unfair to cut dairy price supports while feed grains are still supported at 90% of parity, and 2) they would work out an answer to overproduction. They have not found an answer that Benson considers workable.

Under the law, Benson has the power to cut the dairy support price to 75% of parity. He is not likely to drop it all the way to 75%, but he is almost certain to cut it some. One of Benson's arguments to dairy men will be that high supports are pricing U.S. butter (which now sells for more than twice the price of oleomargarine) right off the world's table. In the U.S., consumers are now using less than half as much butter as they used 20 years ago, are eating almost as much margarine per capita (8.2 lbs. last year) as butter (8.7 lbs.). This is high, rigid support for the argument that the present program is churning disaster.

TAXES

Down Another Billion?

Officially, the Eisenhower Administration's position on taxes was unchanged last week. George Humphrey's Treasury Department still favored the tax revisions outlined in the President's budget message (TIME, Feb. 1), was still against any



HOUSE SPEAKER MARTIN
Balance on a line.

further cut in tax rates this year. But unofficially Treasury is now reconciled to a substantial slice in excise taxes.

House Speaker Joe Martin last fortnight hinted at what was in the works. He announced that he favored cutting to 10% most excise taxes now above that level, e.g., the 20% tax on theater admissions, furs, jewelry, purses, the 25% tax on long-distance telephone calls, the 15% levy on fountain pens. He would leave at their present rate the federal taxes on cigarettes (8¢ a package), gasoline (2¢ a gallon), automobiles (10% of the manufacturer's price) and whisky (\$10.50 a proof gallon).^{*} Joe Martin said he did not expect the administration to propose any excise tax changes, but he hoped the White House would not oppose the plan he outlined.

Because official Washington felt that forecasts of excise tax cuts might cause a buyers' strike, Speaker Martin's statement was considered premature. Nonetheless, the Administration clearly expects Congress to pare \$1 billion off the Eisenhower budget and then cut excise taxes a balancing billion along the line drawn by Martin.

^{*} Lawmakers flinch at proposing a cut in the tax on liquor, which was the first internal tax ever imposed by the U.S. Government. Enacted in 1791 (at a minimum of 7¢ a gallon), the liquor tax caused the Whisky Rebellion of 1794, now accounts for about 45% of the retail cost of liquor.

RACES

Three to One

In his continuing struggle to breach the Magnolia Curtain of racial discrimination, the Negro scored three breakthroughs, one no-gain last week:

¶ In Louisville, Mayor Andrew Broadus ordered municipal department heads to omit references to race in their help-wanted ads, start hiring the best-qualified candidates for city jobs regardless of color.

¶ In Knoxville, Tenn., the city council ordered concessionaires running the municipal airport restaurant to end segregation.

¶ In Birmingham, a recently amended city ordinance permitted Negroes and whites to play baseball and football together. Still specifically illegal in Birmingham: black & white games of dominoes, checkers, softball, cards and craps.

¶ In Austin, Texas, Judge Jack Roberts denied a petition that would have allowed Negroes and whites to compete at boxing. Said Roberts: "Participation in boxing contests is a privilege, not a right."

THE SUPREME COURT

The Long Arm in Long Beach

From the day Bookie Pat Irvine bought a \$50 federal gambling tax stamp in Long Beach, Calif., the local police took an abiding interest in him. They had a key to his house made, installed a microphone and other eavesdropping equipment, put fluorescent powder on his papers (for fingerprints) and recorded his telephone conversations. After listening and looking for a month, the police charged Irvine with bookmaking. He was convicted and sentenced to 18 months in prison; he appealed.

This week the U.S. Supreme Court ruled on the case. To a man, the nine Justices were appalled by the length of the law's arm in Long Beach. Chief Justice Earl Warren and Associate Justice Robert Jackson thought the whole record of the case should be sent to the Department of Justice, to determine whether the police had violated Irvine's civil rights. Wrote Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter, with Associate Justice Harold Burton agreeing: "We have here . . . powerful and offensive control over Irvine's life . . . The police devised means to hear every word that was said in the Irvine household for more than a month . . . A sturdy, self-respecting democratic community should not put up with lawless police and prosecutors."

But in spite of the objections to the police methods, the Supreme Court (splitting 5-4) upheld the conviction of Irvine. Written by Justice Jackson (Warren, Reed, Minton and Clark concurring), the majority opinion 1) held that the federal gambling tax stamp is not a license to violate state law, and 2) reaffirmed the Court's previous ruling that the Federal Constitution does not forbid the use in state courts of illegally seized evidence.

CALIFORNIA

The Faith That Shifts

California Democrats have elected only one governor in the 20th century. Last week, hoping to prevent Republicans from winning Democratic primaries under the state's cross-filing system, 1,500 Democratic delegates gathered in Fresno, endorsed:

For Governor: Richard P. (for Perrin) Graves, 47, a follower of Republican Governor Earl Warren and a registered Republican as recently as Dec. 14. Graves voted for Adlai Stevenson and four times for Franklin Roosevelt. He has switched his party registration four times: he was a Republican from 1928 to 1932, and from 1944 to 1953, a Democrat from 1932 to 1936, and an independent from 1936 to 1944.

For Senator: Samuel W. (for William) Yorty, 45, two-term Congressman from Los Angeles who made a brief splash in Washington last year by beating his party's leadership to the punch in denouncing Defense Secretary Wilson's Air Force cutback (TIME, June 1). When, at 27, Sam Yorty was elected to the state assembly, his reputation as a radical resulted in a charge before the Dies Committee that he was a Communist. In 1940 he veered so far to the right that he founded the assembly's Communist-hunting committee which rawhided Democratic Governor Culbert L. Olson's State Relief Administration. Many Democrats still blame this investigation for the party's weakness ever since.

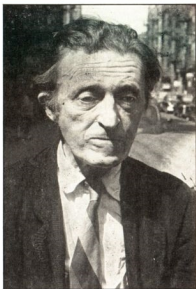
NEW YORK

Lost in the Stars

"I shall probably live a year or two at most," Poet-Novelist Maxwell Bodenheim once wrote in a letter to a young woman admirer, "and then investigate the twinkling scandals of the sky." The letter was found on the young woman's body in a Times Square subway wreck in 1928, at the height of Bodenheim's literary popularity. This week, 25 years later, Max Bodenheim was off at last to investigate the twinkling scandals.

He died as he had lived—violently, sensationally and in squalor. The operator of a cheap rooming house near the Bowery found Bodenheim, 60, and his third wife, Ruth Fagan, 35, dead in a sleazy furnished room. The poet sprawled on the floor, a paperback copy of Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* propped awkwardly on his chest, covering a .22-cal. bullet hole. On a bed beside him was the barefoot body of his wife, her face cruelly beaten and a deep knife wound in her back. The murderer had locked the door behind him with a padlock. Working on the theory that the murders might have been a crime of passion, police began looking for the ex-convict who had rented the room.

In his heyday, Max Bodenheim was one of the literary lions of the U.S. A native of Mississippi, he came to Chicago



Joe Colley

MAXWELL BODENHEIM
On his chest, "The Sea Around Us."

as a young man and for a time lit up the literary sky as the editorial partner of Ben Hecht. In the '20s, when he settled down in Greenwich Village, Max hit his bohemian crescendo. A lusty, limply handsome man, he attracted women by the scores (at least two of his castoff inamoratas committed suicide). By 1935, though, Bodenheim was no longer in vogue. Sales of his murky verse (*Mima and Myself*) and erotic novels (*Replenishing Jessica*) dwindled away, and he sank gradually into the bleary stupor of the alcoholic. He flapped disconsolately around the Village resting up periodically in the Bellevue alcoholic ward, sleeping in gutters, hallways and subways (TIME,



Bill Cooley

GEORGE PARR
In his empire, a curious tension.

Feb. 18, 1952). On a rain-swept night three years ago, he met his third wife, a writer of sorts, in the middle of Washington Square. Ruth Fagan had a simple explanation for the meeting: "He had an umbrella and I didn't."

After that, Max and his young wife were seldom apart. Together they roamed the bars and byways of Greenwich Village, cleaning up in public toilets, cadging the price of an occasional drink, meal or free flop from old friends. Despite his stubbled chin and unshorn hair, Max managed to preserve a certain courtly Southern dignity, and when the news of his death got around the Village this week, there was genuine sadness. At the San Remo Café, caricaturist Jake Spencer smashed Bodenheim's personal gin glass and proposed a toast, "Max was a splendid type," he said. "He used to write poetry in a booth here and then try to peddle the verse at the bar for a drink of gin."

TEXAS

The Land of Parr

The deep southeastern triangle of Texas is a land of aching distances and blazing sun, of endless, string-straight roads and dusty little towns. Oil derricks stand on its horizons, and beef cattle move unseen amid its dreary legacies of tangled mesquite brush. To the west, across the Rio Grande, lies Mexico, to the east the cloud-hung Gulf. Spanish is the country's common tongue; the greater part of its people are poor, underpaid Mexican-Americans. For more than a half-century, southeast Texas has been the Land of Parr.

Alliance with Baronies. Archie Parr, a six-bit-a-day cowboy turned politician, started the empire on June 18, 1911. It was election day and there was blood in the dusty street of tiny San Diego, county seat of Duval County; gun-packing "Anglos," bent on rule by the gun, shot down three local Mexicans. Archie Parr, who spoke Spanish, took the side of the Mexicans. After that, in the old Mexican tradition, he reigned as their *jefe*—the man who solved their problems and gave them orders. He voted the people—and in return he gave Duval County Latin American officials.

By the time Archie's son and political heir, George, came back home from the University of Texas in 1926, the Parr empire had grown; its founder had made alliances with the baronies of Kenedy and Kleberg and with other county political bosses, and extended his sway mightily. Affable, well-spoken, well-dressed George Parr did more; hidden away in his hot and dusty plains, he turned southeast Texas into one of the most rigidly controlled political machines in the nation. He grew rich in oil and cattle, built a walled mansion with lushly landscaped grounds, a swimming pool and a private race track in San Diego, bought a 50,000-acre ranch beyond the barred gates of which only a chosen few could venture.

When he went abroad, two dark-skinned,

cowboy-booted bodyguards were seldom far away. To the Mexicans of Duval County he represented both love and fear. Like his father he spoken fluent Spanish, almost invariably named a full slate of Latin Americans for the voters to elect. The sick, the jobless, the unlucky were seldom turned away from Parr's air-conditioned office. Duval County got good roads (built by George Parr's road company). He took care of important friends even more dramatically; one Thomas Y. Pickett, named as county oil evaluator (a job which takes but a few days a year) back in 1926, has gotten as much as \$46,934.40 a year in fees. Parr's enemies, on the other hand, have had trouble, e.g., shortly after a radio commentator named W. H. ("Bill") Mason rashly began opposing Parr on the air in 1949, the deputy sheriff of Jim Wells County shot him dead on the street.

The Coming of Trouble. Investigations of Parr almost always fizzled out (he did nine months in a federal reformatory for income-tax evasion back in 1936, but President Truman was happy to issue him a full pardon a few years later). When George Parr passed the word, Duval County produced automatic majorities of 100 to 1. In surrounding counties the vote was often almost as high.

The Parr machine reached its arrogant zenith during the close 1948 senatorial race between ex-Governor Coke Stevenson (a discarded Parr favorite) and present Senator Lyndon Johnson. A post-election day "correction" of the southeast Texas vote gave Johnson a margin of 87 out of almost a million Texas votes and the nickname "Landslide Lyndon."

In the years since, however, the life of Boss George Parr, now 52, has been increasingly beset by trouble. Some of the most slavish among Parr's political serfs were secretly disturbed, one night 18 months ago, when a gunman killed a 22-year-old youth from Alice, Texas named Jacob S. Floyd Jr.—apparently mistaking him for his father, a vehement enemy of Boss Parr. Two years ago Texas Governor Allan Shivers openly declared war on Parr and sent pistol-toting Texas Rangers into his empire. Meanwhile both state and federal investigators began probing into Duval County affairs.

The Mesquite Tree. Under pressure, Parr's affability has turned to moroseness. But when he invaded an opposition political meeting last month, a lowly tortilla-maker named Manuel Marroquin had nerve enough to go to the Rangers and complain that the boss had brandished a pistol. Parr was promptly charged with illegal possession of a firearm. He fought back; his own Jim Wells County grand jury indicted two Rangers with whom he had scuffled on a charge of assault with intent to murder. Last week, when Parr sat down for a cup of coffee in little San Diego's Windmill Café, five armed men in dust-colored hats and faded khakis stood ostentatiously near the door outside and a curious tension hung in the streets. But many a southeast Texas politico

guessed that the palm-studded empire of Parr was crumbling.

"Don't bet on it, though," said one. "This is mesquite country. You know how hard it is to kill a mesquite tree; you can chop it, you can burn it, but the roots go way down deep and it'll keep coming up again."

ORGANIZATIONS

IGHUGS

While shoppers at Omaha's Hinky Dinky supermarket stared in some amazement one morning last week, six purposeful housewives, members of the local women's club, invaded the store in squad formation, loaded three wire pushcarts with groceries, and then posed with the

acquaint workers in its 22 plants with the high cost of Government. A fortnight ago, IGHAT's originators and new confederates from other corporations unveiled IGHUGS (I'm Gonna Howl 'bout Unnecessary Government Spending) as a successor to the original movement.

IGHUGS, said the spokesmen gathered in the plush, paneled Chicago directors' room of the International Harvester Co., is already backed by the American Medical Association, Avco Manufacturing Corp., General Electric and Sears, Roebuck as well as Quaker Oats, International Harvester and the General Federation of Women's Clubs. U.S. farm organizations have been invited into the act, although thus far with little reaction. By spring, if the hopes of IGHUG's high command



FOUNDER McCaffrey (right) & CONFEDERATES*
In the Hinky Dinky, something to howl 'bout.

collection for the benefit of news photographers. In Chicago's Morgan Park neighborhood, 17 other club women gathered for a similar rite around \$1,265 worth of furniture. The pushcarts full of food were symbolic of hidden and direct taxes extracted from an average paycheck each year—enough to buy groceries for a family of four for ten months; the pile of tables and chairs represented the tax drain on an average Morgan Park family in 1953.

In both cases, the ladies were acting as "grass roots" members of an oddly named new organization called IGHUGS. The movement had its start a year ago when a group of Quaker Oats Co. officials* started an organization entitled IGHAT (I'm Gonna Holler About Taxes), mostly to

* Not including Donald Lourie, Quaker Oats president until shortly before then, and now Under Secretary of State; R. Douglas Stuart, then vice chairman, and now Ambassador to Canada; or Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, who was then a director.

come to fruition, 15,000 women's clubs will be dramatizing the words of Founder John McCaffrey, president of International Harvester: "Government, like any good household, must live within its means."

CRIME

It Costs

FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, in testimony before the House Appropriations Committee made public this week, estimated that in 1953 a serious crime was committed in the U.S. every 14.9 seconds, a new alltime high. Average annual cost of crime for each U.S. family (including prevention, property loss, detection and punishment): \$495. Hoover estimated the nation's total crime bill at \$20 billion a year, ten times the total given each year to all U.S. churches.

* Mrs. Carl Harris, a director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Quaker Oats Chairman John Stuart.

NEWS IN PICTURES



International

EXPATRIATE G.I.S. dishonorably discharged from U.S. Army after turning their backs on the West to become

Red "peace fighters," carry Communist flags through the streets of Kaesong in parade staged by North Koreans.

Hank Cohen



PLAYBOY-DIPLOMAT Porfirio Rubirosa accepts polo trophy from bride Barbara Hutton (still nursing broken ankle), after

leading Delray team to victory at Florida's Gulfstream Park. Happy honeymooners are expected to move to Paris in March.



Associated Press

DUTCH SKATERS, provided with perfect conditions during Europe's severest cold wave in seven years, turn out for traditional 30-mile "Windmill Race" on icy canals and waterways near Leyden.

Masud

THE AGA KHAN, in plush chair on revolving dais, weighs in at Karachi, Pakistan for traditional tribute as leader of 20 million Ismaili Moslems. Finally clocked at 215 lbs. (worth \$230,000 in platinum), after indicator jammed at 112 (below), he accepted token \$1,400, gave rest to followers.



FOREIGN NEWS

BERLIN

Chilling Temperature

Of all the striking features of the massive Soviet embassy in East Berlin—the sword-bearing guards, the half-ton crystal chandeliers, the stained-glass picture of the Kremlin clock tower—the most striking was the cold. It was so chilly that a couple of the diplomats clustered around the table turned up their collars. The temperature was symbolic.

In its second week, the Big Four Foreign Ministers' Conference was caught in the ice floes of deadlock over Germany. Molotov had plainly shown that he was no more willing than Stalin had been to break the jam over divided Germany's

It was the same plan the Russians had proposed nearly two years before, but with one new twist: a proposal to withdraw all occupation forces from Germany before elections.

The Western ministers flatly rejected Molotov's proposal. Their objections were many. The Russian plan would set up all Germany for an ultimate Communist coup. Even those Frenchmen who oppose German rearmament inside a European Army (EDC) were alarmed at German "national armed forces" as an alternative. It looked dangerously like the *Reichswehr*, which Hitler had built into the *Wehrmacht*. As for Molotov's proposal that each occupying nation withdraw all its troops from Germany, Bidault commented

war, John Foster Dulles pointed out:

"He has sometimes been wrong . . . I recall that Mr. Molotov was wrong in October 1939, when he condemned France and Britain as being aggressors and praised Hitlerite Germany as being the peace-seeking country." Dulles threw in a batch of Molotov's own 1939 quotes to make the wound saltier. Example: "It is not only senseless but criminal to wage such a war—a war for the destruction of Hitlerism camouflaged as 'a fight for democracy.'"

At this uncomfortable reminder of an episode no longer discussed in polite Communist society, Molotov energetically took notes. He did not even try to reply until next day.

Bogus Legalism. Molotov scored one diplomatic finesse during the week. Again and again, he raised a bogus legalism: under the European Army treaty, he insisted, a unified Germany would be forced to join the Western alliance and be subject to it for 50 years. Thus goaded, the Western Foreign Ministers were lured into emphasizing and repeating that Germany, once united, would be free to accept or reject Western commitments already made by West Germany. "A reunited Germany . . . cannot be bound by the obligations of its predecessors," Eden emphasized. Inevitably, EDC opponents in France could make much of that admission. Did this mean that France would be asked to surrender sovereignty to EDC while a re-armed Germany would be free to quit EDC when it achieved unification? The question, however, was largely academic as long as Germany remained divided. Divided it seemed doomed to be, in view of Molotov's intransigence last week.

Scraps to Be Burned. Except for their one embarrassing admission, Dulles, Eden and Bidault held the offensive throughout the week. Their teamwork was so good that, in contrast to last week's daily huddles, they met only twice to mesh plans. Besides, they could only assume that the sumptuous "private" quarters provided for each delegation in the Soviet embassy would be as full of hidden wires as a television set. Around the conference tables in their quarters, beneath portraits of Lenin and Stalin, delegation members spoke not a word, communicated by scribbling notes on pads. Later each tore up his notes, pocketed them and took the scraps back to West Berlin to be burned.

This week, having reached disagreement on Germany, the Big Four went on to the next topic—an Austrian treaty. On this or further subjects (Korea, Indo-China), there might yet come some change or break in the cold-war temperature. On the issue of Germany, the Berlin meeting was plainly a failure. But the West had established an important point. It had disposed, once and for all, of the hope that some in the West had cherished, from Churchill on down, that Soviet policy had somehow mellowed with the death of Joseph Stalin. A false hope was better dead.



RUSSIAN & U.S. DIPLOMATS IN BERLIN*
Moscow's policy is not peace but pretense.

United Press

future. The Westerners had to keep chipping away anyhow: they had come to Berlin either to 1) find agreement, or 2) show all the world that Moscow's policy is still not peace but pretense.

If there had been any hope that Molotov would prove conciliatory, it ended when the Russian presented Moscow's version of the way to reunite Germany: **¶** A coalition government, blending the freely elected West German regime with the fraudulently elected East German Communists.

¶ National elections, to be held under conditions set up by this coalition with "anti-democratic elements" banned.

¶ A direct ban on Germany's alliance with "any power" which fought against Hitler. It would be allowed "such national armed forces (land, air and naval) as shall be required for the country's defense."

¶ A ban on what Russia calls "Fascist, militaristic and other organizations," which are hostile to "democracy."

wryly: "I can well see the advantages for the Soviet Union in withdrawing part of its troops a few dozen kilometers [the distance from Berlin to Poland: 50 miles] to the rear, if it could thus achieve . . . the departure of American and British troops from Europe."

The Western strategy was to expose and exploit Russia's fear of entrusting the future of Germany to the ballot box. With skill and force, France's Bidault led the prodding and taunting. "In all political systems, freedom has a synonym—that is, risk," said Bidault. "A united Germany will have freedom to choose . . . We are prepared to take that chance."

Quotes for Salt. Faced with Molotov's icy rigidity, the Western ministers replied with polite but telling effect. To Molotov's monotonous charges that the West is conspiring to start a new world

* From lower left: Russia's Gromyko, Molotov, Zaruslin, U.S.'s Douglas MacArthur II, James B. Conant, Dulles.

Muffled Response

Wrote the Berlin *Kurier*: "To anyone with a feeling for national dignity, it might seem unpleasant to bargain for the Fatherland as for a carpet or a camel in the Orient. But bargaining it must be."

Despite such a willing audience, Molotov failed badly in his efforts to appeal to the Germans. The West Germans—even those who thought that by bargaining away EDC they might get a reunited nation—were shocked at Molotov's bland dismissal of free elections as "parliamentary procedure."

In Eastern Germany, the response to Molotov was muffled but apparent. The Communists spared no effort. They organized special half-hour "enlightenment sessions" at every state-owned enterprise, to expound the daily Communist position.

But in Silesia, miners quit work, booed and hissed the "enlighteners." In Dresden the Communists had to call off 33 of a scheduled 40 rallies because only two or three people showed up. At the Leuna chemical works, a rally was shouted down by workers who stamped, whistled and cried: "Free elections!" The nervous Communists alerted the whole 200,000-man East German police force, and ordered the arrest of anybody who shouted for free elections as "a saboteur, war-monger and enemy of the state." At Berlin, Molotov found it necessary to warn bluntly that the Communists would not permit another June 17 uprising.

INDO-CHINA

Battle for Headlines

French Defense Minister René Pleven flew to Indo-China this week to see for himself how the war was going. He came upon a strange battleground. The French held the towns but could not sweep the jungles; the Communists held the jungles but could not storm the towns. Since neither the French nor the Communists seemed able to win the military decision with their present strength, both sides kept their armies busy looking for, or fending off, headline victories that might somehow influence the political decision in Paris, Washington or Berlin.

Last month Commanding General Henri Navarre put down several thousand men at the undefended Communist port of Tuyhoa. Among his principal objectives: to recover the headline initiative, revalorize the folks back home and convince the U.S. that his army was worth more aid. Two weeks ago, the Communists moved one division in three lightly equipped columns toward the royal Lao-tian capital of Luang Prabang (pop. 15,000). Presumably they could not hold the capital long with their extended supply lines. Their objective: to win headlines, increase the war weariness of the French Cabinet and public, and synchronize with the Big Four talks.

The French did not want to lose a capital, however unimportant. They flew in reinforcements, swept the outskirts jungle-

brush to clear their field of fire, and borrowed the royal elephants to haul wood for their entrenchments. The French believed they could hold Luang Prabang, but the Communists had already looted 100 miles toward the city from their start line—a headline that went round the world. Men died in these skirmishes, but the fact remains that Indo-China is not primarily a real-estate war. So far, Navarre has denied the Communists what they most want—the rice-rich delta around Hanoi.

The Communists won another headline far to the south, when green Vietnamese nationalist troops surrendered 40 road-blocks without a fight. "We are stronger than you are," the Communists told them. "We are going to attack. We will let you withdraw if you abandon your posts." The Vietnamese withdrew but did



Service Presse Information
GENERAL NAVARRE

The great danger is wait-and-seeism.

not join the Communists. Like many other Indo-Chinese, they chose *attentisme*, or wait-and-seeism. They would join the side that won in the end.

The battle for the headlines was at once artificial and very real. The French were losing it at a time when both sides seek to gain bargaining power as a prelude to possible peace talks. The French can lose the war either by defeat (which has not happened) or by default (which may happen). To win the war requires stronger efforts (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) and a sustained will.

RUSSIA

Trade Offensive

In Moscow last week, Communist offers to trade with the West took on the appearance of a major offensive. To a 33-man delegation of blue-chip British businessmen, the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade made an offer that resounded round

the world: \$1.1 billion worth of orders for British manufactures to be paid for in cash and delivered within three years.

Included in the Russian shipping list were 110 small ships (cargo vessels, tankers and whalers), 110 power stations, 150 steam boilers, two floating docks, \$84 million worth of machine tools, railroad equipment. Many of the items were strategic, i.e., useful to a Soviet war economy.

Impossible Gesture. The Englishman most exhilarated was Harry L. Dowsett, chairman of an East Anglian shipbuilding firm, who has been canvassing Moscow for weeks. Dowsett called his \$17 million contract (the only one signed and sealed) the "biggest single order for merchant shipping ever placed," but he carefully neglected to mention that it was a 30% smaller version of an order that has been gathering dust in the British Board of Trade (and in the Kremlin) since he first accepted it a year ago.

The Soviet Union's billion-dollar trade offer, if it works out, would involve a tripling of Russia's non-Communist trade. Few Britons believe that this is possible: even a fraction of that amount would involve a drastic change in the world's trading relationship. Yet, undeniably, the vast Soviet offer had raised all Europe's hopes. It made certain that East-West trade will be one of the vital issues of 1954.

Scramble for Business. Western Europe's current economic problem is not supply, but demand. Surpluses are piling up. Western salesmen are scrambling for export markets, and not finding them in the U.S. are looking to Moscow—and the 800 million potential customers penned behind the Iron Curtain. "Our 1954 motto," cooed the chairman of the Soviet Chamber of Commerce in a foreign broadcast last week, "is 'Welcome' . . . to foreign traders."

The traders who march on Moscow find bureaucrats with whom they must do business hard and evasive bargainers. After three months' canvassing, the spokesman for twelve Lancashire textile-machinery firms admitted that "the going is sort of rough," and went home empty-handed. Others have had better luck.

Recently the Soviet Union has signed a score of trading treaties with non-Communist nations. Among them:

- ☐ A \$140 million agreement with Belgium (ships, cranes and lead, for Russian timber, gasoline and passenger cars).
- ☐ A contract to buy 20 trawlers and five refrigerator ships from the Swedes.
- ☐ An agreement with Italy to buy cotton and exchange movies.
- ☐ A \$34,000,000 credit arrangement to buy French meat and machinery.
- ☐ An \$8.4 million purchase of New Zealand butter.

These pacts impress more by their number than their size. The fact is that the vast Communist bloc, with one-third of the world's population, decreased its proportion of world imports from 1.81% in 1952 to 1.66% in 1953. Partly, this is because the Reds, seeking self-sufficiency,



SCELBA & DE GASPERI
Old Premiers don't fade away.

impose their own version of the U.S. Battle Act.* More important, the Communists are too poor to pay for what they want to buy.

The Waiting. It is one of the facts of international economics that Soviet purchases invariably run ahead of Soviet deliveries. Sweden recently gave up shipping iron ore to satellite Czechoslovakia because Prague would not pay up. France found that Soviet buyers exhausted their \$34,000,000 credit for 1953-54 before the first six months were up; a Greek government spokesman called the new Greek-Soviet agreements "very disappointing" because the Soviet Union "in most cases, made no deliveries at all."

Face to face with similar experiences, and itself determined not to bolster Soviet armed power, Britain's Tory Board of Trade, which must license all British exports to the Communists, is treating the new Russian offers with inquisitive skepticism. "We welcome any increase in trade with Russia, provided it is in the nonstrategic field," is the official attitude. "We'll just have to wait and see . . ."

ITALY

New Candidate

In the scramble caused by another Premier's fall, the Christian Democrats groped for a new candidate to govern Italy. The key man in the operation turned out to be a practiced and familiar politico: Alcide de Gasperi.

Many thought 72-year-old De Gasperi, premier for eight years, had chosen the road to retirement after his fall last sum-

mer. He seemed content, after a period of rest, to run the Christian Democrats from the secretary general's office and let others sit in the Premier's *palazzo*. But, as Italian politicians became increasingly aware, De Gasperi had no intention whatever of fading away. Colleagues were convinced that, given the proper time & place and good prospects of success, nothing would please the old leader more than to be called once again to form a government. Until the right time came, he would let other Christian Democratic leaders knock themselves out. He stayed loftily above the party's internecine quarrels, leaving the impression that Alcide de Gasperi was the one & only man who could bring the party out of its trouble.

Quarreling Politicos. In a caucus last week, the divided Christian Democrats fell to arguing bitterly. One of them reproached Amintore Fanfani for insisting on a showdown in the Chamber of Deputies even when it was clear he would lose (*TIME*, Feb. 8). Fanfani in reply cast a reflection on his critic's political past. The critic recalled hotly that Fanfani had once been a Fascist Party member. Fanfani next had words with his immediate senior in the ranks of fallen Premiers, Giuseppe Pella. Pella, said Fanfani to the caucus, had told him that politics was "such a dirty business" that he was going to quit it. Replied Pella frigidly: "I am sorry if I gave you any such hope."

Politician De Gasperi adroitly stayed out of this blame throwing, but was not neglected by the blame throwers. Pella's supporters say that De Gasperi let them down in January when Pella tried to transform his caretaker government into a more permanent one. Now that the party was in trouble, many others who once sang De Gasperi's praises criticized him. They blamed the election setbacks on De Gasperi's electoral-reform law, which he himself now concedes to have been a mistake. They acknowledged the greatness of De Gasperi's 1948 triumph and admired the nobility of his character, but in retrospect were more & more inclined to question his method of governing—his cautious system of checks & balances, his day-to-day decisions designed more to achieve political balance than economic balance. On this characteristic they blamed De Gasperi's failure to get EDC approved in a pro-Western Chamber of Deputies, and Italy's failure for six years—despite \$3 billion in U.S. aid—to decrease Communist strength.

Center Coalition. Last week at his Castel Gandolfo home, De Gasperi assembled the quarreling party leaders. He told them that the Christian Democrats must again try to assemble a coalition of the democratic center. Alliance with the right-wing Monarchists (40 seats) was out; De Gasperi was bitter toward them for cutting into Demo-Christian strength in the last elections, has been heckling them ever since. There remained three small splinter parties, all democratic. The Republicans (five seats) and Liberals (14)

could be won, but also needed were the independent Socialists of Giuseppe Saragat (19 seats). Saragat's price was high: four out of 18 or 19 ministries, with Finance for Saragat himself. De Gasperi & Co. whittled Saragat down to three Cabinet posts, promised the Liberals two, Republicans one. The four parties struck a bargain, forming a coalition which could count on a majority of at the most 16 out of 550 votes in the Chamber of Deputies.

At week's end the Christian Democrats informed President Luigi Einaudi that they had a workable coalition and handed him a list of five possible Premiers. At the top of the list: Alcide de Gasperi. But De Gasperi told Einaudi that he did not want to be Premier now. Next on the list was baldheaded Mario Scelba, the tough, Sicilian-born lawyer who grew into the scourge of Italy's Communists and the No. 2 man in the government during his six years as De Gasperi's Interior Minister. It was he whom Einaudi picked this week to make a try—the fifth in seven months.

There were prompt rumblings from Saragat's Social Democrats that De Gasperi should have been the man. Scelba, who leans to the left, is widely respected as an able administrator and tough cop. He built the Italian police into a 190,000-man force, made it the scourge of the Communists and neo-fascist troublemakers. But he has made many enemies. A man of action, Scelba will have to be careful how he acts if he wants to be confirmed as Premier. A switch of only nine votes, perhaps even fewer, will be enough to topple him.

How Did Wilma Die?

Neither Italy's own political convulsions nor Berlin's Four-Power Conference made the splashiest headlines in Rome last week. Everyone from right to left and from high to low was far more interested



Italy's News Photo
WILMA MONTESI
Are young girls lured to doom?

* One of the charges that condemned Czech Communist Boss Rudolf Slansky and his cohorts (*TIME*, Dec. 8, 1952) was that they exported "militarily valuable" TV tubes to Britain, thereby "endangering Czechoslovakia's defense potential."

in a burning local question: How did Wilma Montesi die?

At first glance, it seemed she must have drowned. An attractive, 21-year-old girl, Wilma Montesi was found dead on the beach at Ostia, Rome's somewhat more elegant version of Coney Island, more than a year ago. The young brickworker who found her skittish body was momentarily fascinated by the Teddy bears embroidered on her panties, but neither he nor anyone else at the time saw reason to question the official verdict: "Death by accidental drowning." Wilma, the police reasoned, had gone to Ostia in the gloomy April off-season to bathe her eczema-infected foot in salt water; she had then been caught in a treacherous undertow and carried beyond her depth. Her family buried her—a service with banks of flowers, the clomp-clomp of horses pulling the black hearse, the family following on foot, weeping. Then her death was forgotten by all but family and friends.

The Editor Talks. Seven months later, *Attualita*, a sensational new Italian picture magazine, hit the stands with Wilma's face on the cover under a broad band which said: "The Truth Behind the Death of Wilma Montesi." She had not drowned, said *Attualita*; she had died of overindulgence in opium taken at one of Roman society's most exclusive hunting clubs. Last week *Attualita*'s editor, mustached, 24-year-old Silvano Muto, was haled into court and ordered to explain his charges. Threatened with a jail sentence unless he talked, Muto let go with an explosion of names from every level of Roman society.

His two principal informants, said Muto, were the daughter of a famed Milanese attorney and a onetime artist's model who had seen Wilma at orgiastic parties at the St. Hubert Club, an aristocratic shooting lodge located on a game preserve formerly belonging to the royal family. The lodge is 15 miles from the beach at Ostia.

The membership list of St. Hubert's alone was enough to send the court reporters dashing for the telephones; it includes high lay officials of the Vatican, the son of Italy's Foreign Minister, the head of a great chemical trust, and many other big names. Muto named one prominent Roman, the wealthy, white-haired Marchese Ugo Montagna di San Bartolomeo, as the leader of an international dope-smuggling ring who lured young girls to opium-drenched downfalls. When reporters reached the Milanese attorney's daughter, she calmly admitted that she had indeed once been the marchese's mistress.

The Scandal. Montagna promptly instituted slander proceedings against Editor Muto, who also awaits trial under a 1931 Fascist law for "having published false and adulterated news." The press of all parties, and in particular the Communist *L'Unita*, made the most of the scandal. It had everything: decadent aristocracy, orgies, playgirls, dope, and even a mystery—the still unsolved story of what happened to poor Wilma Montesi.

IRAN

Comeback Trail

Six months ago, General Fazlollah Zahedi, Iran's new Premier, emerged from hiding into Teheran's riotous streets to begin a race. He had exactly \$45 million worth of time—a gift from the U.S.—to get Iran back into oil production and onto a stable basis. Zahedi popped the \$45 million into the Bank Melli as Account No. 30824 and set to work.

His tasks:

¶ Negotiate an agreement with London compensating the expropriated Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Probable cost: \$300 million.

¶ Repair and modernize Iran's corroded catalytic crackers, sulphur-coated pipe-

forced him to remain in Teheran. Item: the powerful Zolfaghari tribe in the northwest rigged the election of two pro-Mossadeq deputies; Zahedi rushed in four tanks and arrested the chiefs for using "undue force" on the voters. Moral: nobody in Iran save Fazlollah Zahedi is allowed to use undue force on voters.

It was unpleasant and undemocratic, but unusual in its speedy efficiency. Mohammed Mossadeq's elections in early 1952 were equally rigged, bloodier (50 died), but more happily haphazard. Zahedi, Premier in a hurry, has no time to be haphazard. And while he is winning no popularity contests, he seems to be winning the race for his people's future.

He is getting cooperation from the U.S. and Britain, who after three years are



PREMIER ZAHEDI & ADVISER HOOVER
Was \$45 million worth of time enough?

Hotami—Lise

lines, neglected transport. Probable cost: \$200 million.

¶ Find technicians—not Anglo-Iranian—to operate the new company.

¶ Regain Iran's oil market, long ago taken over by other Middle East producers. Today, there is a world oil surplus of 1,500,000 barrels daily.

¶ Elect a new Majlis to ratify the oil agreement.

Last week Account No. 30824 held only enough cash to last until mid-April, but Fazlollah Zahedi seemed to be winning the race. At home, the job of choosing the new Majlis was going well—for the Premier. Seventy-seven deputies have been elected so far, every one of them pro-Zahedi.

The Premier had simply let it be known that localities must vote his list or none at all. Item: a constituency near Kerman beat up the man Zahedi sent there to be elected; Zahedi suspended its balloting. Item: a former Iranian Ambassador to the U.S. announced himself as the pro-Mossadeq candidate from Kashan; Zahedi

now, for a change, working together. Britain sent 16 hand-picked diplomats to Teheran; the mission showed none of the oldtime superciliousness, and impressed Zahedi. In London, the oil world's Big Eight—Anglo-Iranian, Royal Dutch Shell, Compagnie Française des Pétroles, New Jersey Standard, Socony, Texaco, California Standard and Gulf—were secretly hammering out a tentative agreement to market Iran's oil through an international consortium. In Washington, the National Security Council directed the Attorney General to grant the five U.S. companies immunity from antitrust prosecution if they joined the combine.

If the occasion produces a hero, it is apt to be Veteran Oil Geophysicist Herbert Hoover Jr., able, 50-year-old son of the ex-President, special \$11,000-a-year petroleum adviser to the State Department. Since October, Hoover has been shuttling between Teheran, London and Washington, quietly weaving the fabric of agreement. In Teheran, he patiently explained the facts of life in the oil world

today to Zahedi. Hoover kept out of the papers and out of controversy.

Actual negotiations are expected to begin soon after British Ambassador Sir Roger Stevens arrives in Teheran next week. If all goes well, Iran's oil should begin reaching the world market within six months, and Iran can begin her comeback from the incredible days of Dr. Mossadegh.

FRANCE

Lions or Bullets?

Now that the ex-Sultan of Morocco was en route to exile in Tahiti with his wives and a streamlined harem, it was open season on his past in the French press. The government had deposed him for his anti-French activities and his flirtation with Moroccan nationalists. First came stories showing how he had played with the Nazis during the war. Last week *France-Soir*, the largest daily in Paris (circ. 955,600) broke an exposé of Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef as a "bloody, sadistic Bluebeard." Among *France-Soir's* sensational charges:

☛ Seven palace servants, accused of seducing five of the Sultan's concubines, were once haled before the wrathful monarch. "I wish to see your blood spilled," said the Sultan. "You shall die, but I give you your choice between a revolver bullet and the lions." Then sacks were pulled over the prisoners' heads and they were told to pray. At that moment, a few pious and powerful members of the Sultan's entourage implored him to spare the wretches' lives; one even predicted that Allah would be angry if the death penalty were carried out. After some moments of glum meditation, the Sultan said: "All right. I will spare them, but they will stay in prison to the end of their days."

☛ One junior officer of the Sultan's imperial guard who seduced a concubine was sentenced to 1,000 blows of the whip, at the rate of 100 lashes a day. At the end of three days and 300 lashes, he died.

☛ Once, when the Sultan sent male servants to flog some women for "a peccadillo," the men "were conquered by their charms and, tossing aside the implements of torment, subjected the pretty victims to a more tender treatment." The monarch found them in *flagrante delicto*; the women were whipped while the Sultan laughed at their screams, then thrown into foul cells, where they were kept on starvation rations. The men were also whipped and then chained to the walls of their cells. All twelve were released when Ben Youssef was deposed as Sultan. Previous victims of similar punishments died in their cells.

Knowledgeable French sources say that *France-Soir's* stories, though sometimes embellished, are essentially true. Some relatives of the dead victims, demanding blood money, have launched complaints in Casablanca, and an investigation has been started. Ben Youssef's implacable Berber enemy, the old Pasha of Marrakech, is supposed to have had a hand in spreading the stories. The French Foreign

Office professes to be horrified. Digging up old tales about him at this time, said a Quai d'Orsay spokesman properly, is "not fair play."

Feeneesh?

For over a decade her name has been little more than a memory borne on the elusive scent of a perfume now made by someone else. Yet, during the 1920s, when Paris was still the uncontested capital of *haute couture*, the unchallenged queen regnant of Paris fashion was petite, disdainful Gabrielle ("Coco") Chanel. A bored, restless, country-bred orphan who fled to the city at 17 with no capital beyond her native Auvergnate shrewdness,



COCO CHANEL AT 71
Dropped skirts, dropped jaws.

Chanel had parlayed a flair for simple elegance into a million-dollar fashion business whose headquarters was the distinctive salon at 31 Rue Cambon, Paris.

One of Chanel's first acts as a fashion arbiter was to tear down the monstrous constructions of net and feathers that crowned women's heads and set in their place simple hats. From this radical start, she went on to contour the fashionable women of three continents into the turtle-neck sweaters of the apaches, to expose their knees and suppress their curves. The New Look of the '20s was the look of Coco Chanel; from it and the sale of dresses, hats, perfumes, handbags, junk jewelry and almost anything else that fashionable women chose to buy, Coco herself became one of France's richest women.

Tragedy struck—in the form of Elsa Schiaparelli. The struggle lasted ten years. In 1938, almost overnight, the women of Paris, followed sheeplike by the women of

the world, turned from Coco to the invader from Italy, with her exaggerated feminine conceits, her tassels, her flaming colors and "parachute" silhouettes. "Chanel wanted the tricot sailor frock with the long sweater, the short skirt," says Schiaparelli. "I took the frock. I altered the line . . . Voilà! Chanel ees feeneesh!"

Solvent but disillusioned, Chanel quit. But was she finished? Last week all fashion-conscious Paris was asking this question as it trooped once again to Rue Cambon for 71-year-old Coco Chanel's first fashion show in 15 years. There was more than a show of feline claws as the fat cats of the fashion world crowded in among the models like subway riders in a rush hour. Some fashion writers found Coco's long-skirted, severely tailored designs "lacky." A plain navy suit was modeled, wrote one, "by a brunette mannequin who was with Chanel 20 years ago. In the respectful silence you could almost hear the jaws dropping." The writer for *Le Figaro* observed: "It was touching; one might have thought oneself back in 1925." But in the midst of all the scratching and meowing, one U.S. fashion expert detected a careful hedge: "The buyers are buying."

AUSTRALIA

Here Comes the Queen

To visiting Queen Elizabeth and her entourage, New Zealand was dignified, orderly, altogether like home. Australia, 1,000 miles to the west, was—altogether different.

A million goggling Aussies whooped it up on the shore as the royal liner *Gothic* steamed into Sydney harbor. There were 1,000 private yachts, several Australian warships, scores of sightseeing steamers, and a school of hot-rod speedboats driven by cheering teen-agers, who seemed more eager to swamp the police boats than to welcome their Queen. Cannon roared; sirens blew; wave after wave of fighter aircraft swooped low over the royal yacht. Her Majesty, helped by Philip, stepped ashore at Farm Cove, where the first English settlers (290 freemen and 717 convicts) landed in 1788.

Overwhelming Welcome. "Good on you, Liz and Philip," cried Australians, as they shoved the cops aside to get a glimpse at the Queen. Elizabeth shook hands with 72 dignitaries, then drove through ten miles of deafening cheers to put a wreath on the Cenotaph and attend a luncheon. She found the Sydney summer sunshine (over 80°) "rather warm," and to prove it, said the governor of New South Wales, "lifted her pearls to show me the contrast underneath where the suntan missed." Her Majesty also remarked that the warmth of her welcome had been "almost overwhelming."

Next day it was overwhelming. Seated in the royal chair, under glaring floodlights, Elizabeth opened the State Parliament of New South Wales by commanding the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the legislators "to attend me in this



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House." Nothing happened: the legislators were not ready. Seven slow minutes ticked away, while Philip tapped his foot and the unsmiling Queen moistened her lips. Eventually, when the legislators arrived, most of them were so flustered that they forgot to bow to their Queen.

Wild Colonialists. Next afternoon, during the 23-mile state procession, some of the crowd of 1,200,000 burst through the police barriers and halted the royal car on eight separate occasions. Men & women clutched Philip's arm, tried to shake his hand, patted the royal shoulders and tossed confetti and flags into the car. After a lunch at Sydney University, the duke was flustered by a posse of wolf-whistling teen-agers, who oohed: "Isn't he nice? . . . He's beautiful." In the evening, instead of dancing, many of the 2,000 guests at the Lord Mayor's ball stood in a ring around the dais, just staring at the blushing Queen. Elizabeth's smiles gradually vanished, and soon she left the room to avoid the sea of staring eyes. Said one embarrassed Australian: "We must look like a bunch of wild colonialists."

Government officials appealed to enthusiastic Aussies to restrain their enthusiasm and give the young Queen a little peace. Both Elizabeth and Philip would need it, for in the next two months, they will travel 14,450 miles, visit 68 cities, attend 26 civic receptions, 34 royal processions, four state banquets, six balls, six garden parties, 17 children's displays and three openings of Parliaments.

ISRAEL

Broken Spirits

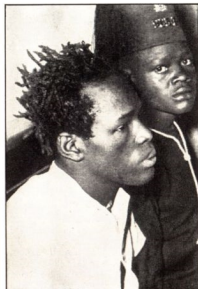
Ten thousand Jews jammed the streets of Red Bucharest in front of the new Israeli legation on Valentine's Day 1949, dancing and crying "Long live Israel." After 15 years of Fascist pogroms and four more of Communist misery, the exhilarating dream of the promised land had suddenly become a reality. Thousands sold their last belongings to buy fantastically priced exit permits and steamship tickets, bade goodbye to their children and set forth to Israel, empty-handed but hopeful. By the end of 1951, when the Reds suddenly ordered a stop to emigration, 120,000 of Rumania's 350,000 Jews (the largest Jewish community in any satellite) had poured through Haifa into the great adventure.

Last week, five years later almost to the day, 60 of Rumania's emigrant Jews returned to Haifa, reboarded a steamer and started back to Rumania. They were the vanguard of an exodus of 2,000. The number was comparatively small, but the fact of their leaving was disquieting.

For them, life in frontierlike Israel had proved too hard. Most were middle-aged and middle class. Their uncalloused hands were unsuited for the road building, foresting and citrus picking that growing Israel demanded of its immigrants. Wrote one unhappy Rumanian to the Jerusalem Post: "Former industrialists, merchants

and intellectuals think themselves lucky now if they can get jobs as night watchmen." They longed for their children, but these the Reds had kept behind in Rumania. They hoped for comfort in the promised land, but found their spirits broken in lonely months in one-roomed tin huts and canvas shacks.

One day last November, the Rumanian consulate advertised an offer of repatriation, a promise of "free passage from the frontier of Israel to your home" and repayment of all their debts to Israel (amounting to as much as \$2,000 in some cases). The 2,000 who queued up were taunted by passers-by for "deserting." Israel's government is convinced that Rumania's motive is to exhibit these disillusioned travelers to the young and able-bodied Jews back home who are anxious to get to Israel.



London Daily Express
GENERAL CHINA (LEFT) & GUARD
Without green branches, death.

KENYA

What, No Amnesty?

In a Kenya courtroom one day last week, a husky African wearing a white hospital smock heard a British judge sentence him to death for "consorting with armed persons," i.e., the Mau Mau. The African was "General China," No. 2 in the Mau Mau's leadership; he had been taken by the British after a fierce fire-fight north of Nairobi (TIME, Jan. 25).

A onetime corporal who served with the British in Burma, 32-year-old General China was puzzled by the sentence. "I surrendered," he said. "Where is my amnesty?" Apparently he had forgot that the British offer of amnesty applied only to "those who come out of the bush in daylight, waving green branches." General China had been intercepted at the head of a band of terrorists; only after he was shot in the throat did he offer to give himself up.

INDIA

Where Nectar Once Spilled

Holy bells clanged and trumpets blared, and up from the sacred place, above the murmur of the vast crowd, rose the cries: "Victory to Mother Ganges" "Long live religion . . ." The sun was not yet up, but at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna Rivers, 4,000,000 Hindu pilgrims were gathered for the great ceremony. Just before sunrise, a great procession, led by naked, ash-smeared holy men and gold-caparisoned elephants, trod solemnly toward the winter stream in a clamor of conch shells and cymbals. With ritual reverence, the first pilgrims rubbed the water into their skin and their eyes, then drank it. They believed from their scripture legends that they might thereby speed to Nirvana and be spared the pain of countless rebirths in man's universe.

"The Nagas Were Violent." For ten weeks every twelve years, Hindu millions bathe where the sacred rivers meet. The scriptures tell how divine nectar, which is said to confer immortality and everlasting bliss, was once spilled into the rivers during an epic fight between the demons and the gods. There, too, Brahma, Lord of Creation, gathered strength for his mighty task. And when the sun, Jupiter and the moon enter a certain astrological relationship—this occurs during a few hours on one day once in 144 years—it is the most auspicious time for bathing.

That auspicious time came one day last week. The pilgrims swarmed into the nearby city of Allahabad (pop. 260,000) on 200 special trains, rattle-clatter bicycles, on foot and upon the backs of coolies and stronger relatives. The government had spent \$2,000,000 and many months of careful planning on safe roads, pontoon bridges and DDT. They also mustered 40,000 troops, police, Boy Scouts and volunteer workers to insure that no harm should come to the faithful. But when the holy men and the first procession headed back from the confluence, they were confronted by tens of thousands of other pilgrims, surging in joy to the waters. The holy men, ascetic but arrogant Nagas, wielded their ancient maces, spears and tridents to ward off the crowd. "The pilgrims got the impression that the Nagas were violent," explained the authorities afterward, "and therefore ran for their lives, crushing to death the infirm, the old and others who came in their way."

In the crush, a few young men climbed up to overhead electric cables, which by some chance were not live, and swung dizzily along them to safety. But others of the frightened were ground relentlessly into one another, until clothes, then lives, fell away. Pilgrims only a few dozen yards away could not hear the cries of the desperate amid their own chants of "Victory to Mother Ganges" and "Long live religion." Eager to reach the confluence, they pressed forward into the vortex.

One Consolation. Not until many hours later, when police cordoned off the deathly mudstretch, did India learn the extent



THE DIMAGGIOS WITH JAPANESE BEAUTIES
Will Japanese discard their underwear?

International

of the tragedy. The toll: 316 dead (267 women & children); 200 missing, probably dead; 2,000 injured. Many of the hurt ones could not be traced because their relatives had dragged them off, not to hospital but to the sacred confluence, in the belief that its touch might heal their suffering.

All India sorrowed, and there was only one consolation for the orthodox and the bereaved. "If she did have to die," sobbed one Hindu for his aged mother, "she chose a good day and the holiest spot."

JAPAN

The Walker

Like many a bridegroom, honeymooning Joe DiMaggio, no mean idol himself when he batted for the New York Yankees, went virtually unnoticed last week as Japanese by the thousands swarmed to meet his bride, the former Miss Marilyn Monroe of Hollywood, Calif. At Tokyo's International Airport, Marilyn's fans pressed so thickly about the arriving couple that both were forced to scramble back into the airplane that had brought them, escaping later through its baggage hatch.

Later on, at the Imperial Hotel, 200 police were called out to restore order as Monroe fans, craning for a sight of the bride (currently Japan's No. 1 foreign box-office draw), pushed each other into fish ponds, jammed themselves solid in revolving doors, broke plate glass in the hall and boulders in the rock garden alike with the sheer weight of their enthusiastic numbers. "With this woman," moaned one cop, "we must take more precautions than we did with Syngman Rhee."

At a press conference in the hotel that night, a few sportswriters doggedly stuck to questioning Outfielder Joe, but as usual, Mrs. DiMaggio stole the show. "Hey, you should ask me about that," called Joe when one reporter asked Marilyn about her hoped-for six children, but another re-

porter leaped in with an even more pregnant question: "Do you agree with Kinsey *san's* report on women?"

"I do not," replied Marilyn judiciously, "fully agree with Kinsey's conclusions."

"So sorry," said a third, changing the subject a little. "Do you sleep naked?"

Like an old politico, Marilyn parried that one with a "No comment," but the newsmen were crowding in.

"Excuse, please, very rude question," piped one: "Is your walk natural or is just for movies?"

"I've been walking," said Mrs. DiMaggio firmly, "since I was six months old."

"One more ungracious question: Do you wear underwear?"

"I'm buying a kimono," said Marilyn primly.

At a radio forum later on in the week, several of Tokyo's most learned radio pundits discussed the latest phenomenon. "The Japanese will probably not discard their underwear as a result of the visit of the Honorable Buttocks-Swinging Actress," said one, "because it is much too cold. But because our people are quick to adopt fads, I'm sure that they will soon start swinging their buttocks."

George the Spy

"The Badger's Den," the Japanese call it—the grim, grey, high-walled Russian embassy, which squats on a hill in Tokyo's downtown section. From alleys that lead toward it, from the windows that overlook it, Japanese police and U.S. intelligence agents keep watch on the furtive comings & goings of its 30-odd Russian inhabitants. The missions of the Russians are not diplomatic; the Japanese have not recognized the embassy since 1951, when the Soviet Union refused to ratify the Japanese peace treaty.

Mostly, the Russians traveled in pairs. But tall, blond Yuri Alexandrovich Rastvorov, 34, walked out alone. Though rated only a second secretary, he was obviously a man of importance.

The Tennis Partner. Rastvorov talked good English, wore expensive American or British suits, sport jackets and slacks. Almost every day, he turned up at the Tokyo Lawn Tennis Club, nattily dressed in white shorts. He played a good game, and among his frequent partners were high-ranking U.S. and Allied diplomats and military men. Everybody knew him as "George." Some asked the amiable George home for dinner. "He was a good drinker and a good eater," said one of his hosts. "But he never talked politics. Not a word." What he did talk about was music (he liked the moderns), sports and, occasionally, his ballet-dancer wife and five-year-old daughter back in Russia.

George was a spy. Whenever he played tennis, a Japanese policeman stood outside the court watching until he left, jumped on his bicycle and pedaled furiously for the nearest police box to report direction of his car or taxi. George's chief mission was to spy on U.S. and Japanese forces. George cultivated a wide acquaintance among Tokyo's swarming streetwalkers, who have a wide acquaintance among G.I.s. His favorite haunt was The Forbidden City, a Chinese restaurant popular with servicemen. He was, U.S. Intelligence agents well knew, a lieutenant colonel in Beria's MVD.

When Beria fell seven months ago, a change came over George. "Old George seemed definitely in a funk the last few times I saw him," said a Western acquaintance. He had reason to be. Four weeks ago, a Russian team arrived in Japan for the world's speed-skating championships. They reserved an extra seat on the way back—for George. He had had orders to return to Moscow.

Last week, four days after George was scheduled to leave, the Russians at the Badger's Den distressedly called the police and asked them please to find George. He was "mentally weak," perhaps had suffered "a nervous breakdown," they said. All they knew was that the day before his planned departure, George had said he was going to do some last-minute shopping, and before their eyes, swung aboard a U.S. Security Forces bus.

Off to Okinawa. The fact was that Rastvorov had gone to U.S. Intelligence agents and asked for political sanctuary.

Last week, as rumors of a spy ring among high Japanese officials whirled through the Japanese press and panicky Russians cried that U.S. agents had captured him, Rastvorov was hustled aboard a U.S. plane and flown to Okinawa. "The intelligence equivalent of Midway or a Normandy," crowed a U.S. officer.

It was too soon to know whether Rastvorov would prove quite that good. But as Russia's chief spy in Japan, he could unmask every facet of the organization run from the Badger's Den. The very thought was enough to throw panic into its denizens. They hastily notified the Japanese government that seven of them were leaving immediately for Russia. Two of them, said an intelligence officer, were George's closest friends.



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Rising Dollar

Every U.S. traveler to Canada nowadays is soon made aware of one painful fact: to Canadians a U.S. dollar is no longer worth 100 cents. This week the exchange rate climbed a notch higher. Canada's dollar edged upward a fraction each day until it was selling in Wall Street for 103.4 U.S. cents, the highest price in more than a year.

Continued heavy U.S. investment in Canada, particularly in high-interest bonds and Alberta oil, was mainly responsible for the Canadian dollar's rise. The heavy demand for Canadian dollars in the U.S. made them scarcer and pushed up the price.

Global Tour

It was a cold, raw afternoon, but more than 500 well-wishers turned out at Ottawa's Rockcliffe Airport to see Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent take off last week on a round-the-world good-will tour. As the Prime Minister's limousine pulled up at the airstrip, they broke through the rope barriers in a rush of friendly enthusiasm. St. Laurent, politely doffing his black Homburg, plunged into the crowd, shaking hands and alternately bidding goodbye and au revoir as he worked his way toward the plane.

Just before the doors closed on the big silver and red R.C.A.F. transport, the crowd gave three cheers and a tiger. The four propellers blew back a shower of powdery snow; the plane taxied out to

position and roared down the runway. Next day St. Laurent was in London for lunch and a short talk with Prime Minister Churchill. This week he was scheduled to go on to Paris and Bonn, visit Canadian army and air force bases, then continue the six week, 30,000-mile tour that will take him to Rome, Karachi, New Delhi, Colombo, Jakarta, Manila, Seoul and Tokyo.

ARGENTINA

Relaxed Rumors

After a decade of hard fighting, Juan Perón has routed most of his enemies, and the result has been obvious of late in the changed atmosphere of Argentine politics. No longer so bitter against those who have opposed him, the Strongman seems 100% sure of himself, so sure that at times he appears to have only a relaxed interest in problems of state. But such unwonted easiness and good feeling on the part of their long-embattled President has evidently set some Argentines to wondering.

For six months persistent rumors have been making the rounds of Buenos Aires and cropping up abroad that Perón is ill. One version: the President has a brain tumor, plans to go to the famed Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn. in the near future for an operation. Another: he has an unidentified nervous disorder accompanied by fainting spells.

Last week, for the first time, the government took official note of the rumors. A presidential palace representative quietly asked the morning newspaper *Clarín* to

publish a story reporting that "in the U.S. also there exists a mania for attributing bad health to [President] Eisenhower." The story pointed out what in both the U.S. and Great Britain there are constant rumors that Eisenhower and Churchill are sick, but these should be dismissed as the inventions of political enemies.

What none of the Buenos Aires rumors quite explained was Perón's current taste in off-hours relaxation: piloting a motorboat at 70 m.p.h. on the River Plate, driving racing cars and motorcycles, fencing with Foreign Minister Jerónimo Remorino, dancing all evening with guests at his Olivos estate, which he recently turned over as a clubhouse for the Buenos Aires' High School Girls' Union.

PUERTO RICO

Turn of the Tide

Has the tide of Puerto Rican immigration to the U.S. begun to turn? Clarence Senior, onetime Columbia University statistician who now heads the commonwealth's Department of Labor offices in the U.S., thinks that it has—at least for the present. In the last three months of 1953, Sociologist Senior reported last week, 15,221 more Puerto Ricans returned to their native home than arrived on the mainland. Main reason for the reversal: growing unemployment in the U.S.

THE AMERICAS

Coffee Nerves

Latin Americans, as well as *Norteamericanos*, were boiling over coffee last week. The Latinos insisted that the soaring prices were wholly due to frost and drought, and they resented U.S. charges that they were gouging their U.S. customers. After President Eisenhower, himself a coffee lover, told a press conference that something should be done to reduce the price of the stuff (\$1.10 a lb. in U.S. groceries last week), Rio's newspaper *Diario Carioca* complained testily that "our brave and dignified friend [is] making a little demagoguery and sticking his spoon into the coffee case."

In the midst of all the international frothing and fuming, Latin Americans completely neglected to call attention to the best proof of their claim that coffee is simply moving on the age-old tides of supply and demand. The fact is that Latin-American coffee drinkers are in much the same fix as their North American neighbors. In the past two months, the price of high-grade coffee in Rio groceries has leaped from \$1.06 to \$1.07 a lb.; some Brazilians have gritted their teeth and turned to a hitherto unmentionable beverage called tea. In coffee-exporting Costa Rica, President José Figueres declared roundly: "Our country's No. 1 problem today is our coffee shortage." The local retail price had just climbed to 90¢ a lb., and Figueres had tried in vain to buy



Associated Press

PRIME MINISTER ST. LAURENT (RIGHT) & FRIEND IN LONDON
Goodbye and au revoir.

ANOTHER GREAT MUSICAL LANDMARK IN THE TRADITION OF

THE INCOMPARABLE

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The "CONCERT HALL"



The CAPEHART "Concert Hall"

High Fidelity AM-FM Tuner-Amplifier, separate Bass and Treble Controls, Compensated Volume Control, "Flywheel" Tuning for accurate station adjustment, Two-Way Speaker System in specially designed tonal chamber, Record Changer plays all types, sizes and speeds of records automatically, intermixes 10- and 12-inch records, Record Balance Control for proper adjustment for recordings, Heavy-duty 4-pole motor, Variable Reluctance Pick-up, 18th century English cabinet of finest materials and workmanship, mahogany finish, full-size record storage compartment.

This is the triumph of the new Capehart "Concert Hall"—to reproduce every delicate shading of voice, the full tonal range of orchestra with a clarity and fidelity only a favored few in the concert hall are able to hear. All complete, in one beautiful cabinet, the "Concert Hall" is the high fidelity instrument worthy of gracing the home of the music lover—yet far less costly than custom installations. In this magnificent instrument, Capehart—a division of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation—presents a notable example of the designing, engineering and production skills that have made IT&T a great American trademark.

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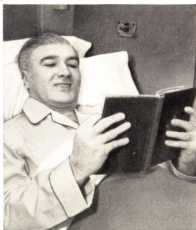
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any hour



enjoy every
minute



and relax
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Have a "Rent-a-car" waiting for you. Ask your ticket agent.

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some low-grade Brazilian or Colombian coffee to help out. In Guatemala, the situation is almost as bad, and last week the government banned further export of lower grades of coffee.

HAITI Arrivals & Departures

President Paul Magloire, Haiti's burly, beaming Chief of State, last week welcomed some new foreign friends to his capital and sent some old domestic enemies on their travels. In Port-au-Prince one morning, he draped the Haitian Order of Honor and Merit around the neck of Edward G. Miller Jr., chief of the U.S. State Department's Latin American affairs section under the Truman Administration. At noon the same day he welcomed to Haiti Sir Hugh Foot, K.C.V.O., Governor of Jamaica, and Lady Foot.

Sir Hugh was the first Jamaican chief

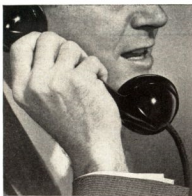


Photo Dorel

PRESIDENT MAGLOIRE
With medals and meringues.

executive to touch what is now Haitian soil since Acting Governor Sir Henry Morgan, the respectably retired pirate, was shipwrecked on French Hispaniola 279 years ago. In Sir Hugh's honor, the Foreign Minister put on an elegant ball, and the tall, slim governor gamely accommodated his swooping waltz style to the intricacies of the Haitian *meringue*.

While Sir Hugh laid wreaths and visited museums, some other travelers inconspicuously departed from Haiti. Senator Marcel Héard, a political foe of Magloire, who had eluded arrest three weeks earlier by having himself smuggled into the Mexican embassy rolled up in a rug, received a safe-conduct from the President and flew off to Mexico. Three lesser oppositionists, like Héard charged with plotting to overthrow the government, left the Panamanian embassy and headed for Cuba. But 25 others, caught by the cops, still languished in jail.



Which man is writing a letter?

All three men seem to be telephoning . . .

But the man on the left is doing much more than that. He is writing a letter aloud . . . *dictating* it to the phone-like instrument of the new Dictaphone network dictation system: TELECORD.

When he was ready to dictate, all he did was pick up a phone and start talking! His words were

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If a Telecord instrument were on *your* desk, you could write a letter or memo, make a written report or note as quickly and easily as calling a friend. And save time and money every time you used it!

Dictaphone's new network dictation system is unique. Its "building block" simplicity lets you add dictating stations as your needs increase—without replacing equipment you already have.

It offers each dictator complete privacy and individual control. And, most important, the nerve center of the new TELECORD System is the TIME-MASTER, world's most successful dictating machine, featuring the exclusive high-fidelity reproduction of the plastic *Dictabelt*.

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Dictation by Phone.

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Company

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Publisher **Bernarr** ("Body Love") **MacFadden**, 85, whose foibles were mercilessly chronicled by his former wife Mary (*Dumbbells and Carrot Strips*) MacFadden (*TIME*, April 20), was beginning to look like material for a whole encyclopedia of Bernarrisms, one volume to a wife. In a Manhattan court last week, present wife Jonnie Lee MacFadden, 47, who is suing Physical Culturist MacFadden for a separation, recited all the makings of a slam-bang first chapter. Aside from such routine quirks as parachuting into rivers and sleeping on a hard pallet beside her bed, Bernarr, lamented Jonnie, had cultivated more than his muscles; he also developed some annoying "obsessions." In dead of night he once depalleted himself, got dressed and strode chestily off into the out-of-doors because Jonnie's apartment was "too fancy" for him. Mealtimes were trying: Vegetarian MacFadden peevishly accused Jonnie of trying to poison him, and, though she herself ate much of his portion to prove it was harmless, "he kept raving . . . [and] took the food and threw it in the kitchen sink." The last straw for Jonnie: Bernarr figured that she left her 15th-floor bedroom window open for her lover to steal in at night.

James Roosevelt, already accused by his estranged wife Romelle of wholesale adultery (with three named correspondents, nine also-rans), was also accused of being a millionaire. At a preliminary hearing last week in a Pasadena court, Romelle, who married Jimmy for richer or for poorer, reported that it had turned

out richer: "Several years ago, Mr. Roosevelt said he was worth several million dollars, so we could live in a lavish manner." Then Jimmy took the stand and said with a grin that he was considerably poorer than that. His insurance companies (which Romelle assessed at \$4,000,000) were "worthless"; his income was only \$2,425.57 a month; he spent half again more than he made; he even owed his mother, **Eleanor Roosevelt**, a cool \$100,000. Turning off the grin, Jimmy groaned: "I guess I'm getting poorer by the minute."

In Albuquerque to whoop it up at a Democratic dinner, National Democratic Chairman **Stephen Mitchell** announced that he will resign in November. Asked if Toledo's **Michael DiSalle** might succeed him, Mitchell buffed: "I haven't heard anyone talking about DiSalle except DiSalle himself."

Boston was in an uproar over a scheduled nightclub appearance of **Christine** (né George) **Jorgensen**. After fiery debate on whether ex-G.I. Jorgensen is a female or merely a female impersonator, the Massachusetts legislature passed a muddled resolution which said that Christine's act might "adversely affect the morals of the youths." Then Boston's licensing board stopped the whole show by revoking the nightclub's entertainment license, and the club canceled Christine's contract.

Irene Castle Treman McLaughlin Enzinger, famed international dancer of World War I, pooh-poohed Chicago's current rabies epidemic, which is so grave that Illinois authorities have ordered all



Associated Press
IRENE CASTLE & GREAT PYRENEES PET
No damn fool, she.

pet dogs and cats inoculated, all strays destroyed. Not unduly upset by the fact that 313 Chicagoans were bitten in four days last week, Antivivisectionist Castle (long eggged on by the Hearst press), wanted pet owners to know that anti-rabies shots "would paralyze the hind legs of dogs." Though claiming to be no "damn fool," Irene, who in more than 25 years of running animal shelters has prided herself on an average of three bites a week, blithely offered to let any old mad dog bite her and to "put up \$5,000 that I don't get rabies."

In Manhattan, **William Anthony Burton**, 11, raised by his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Lucile Burton, to believe that he was an orphan, got the good news that he was heir to a \$6,800,000 brewery fortune left by his great-grandmother. Then Mrs. Burton had little choice but to tell William the rest: his father, **Wayne Lonergan**, 36, is still alive, serving a 35-years-to-life stretch for the murder of William's heiress mother, Patricia Burton Lonergan, in Manhattan's most tabloid-hued crime of 1943.

Army Recruit **G.** (for Gerard) **David Schine**, 26, heir to a string of seven hotels but better known as investigator for Senator **Joseph R. McCarthy's** Senate subcommittee, was himself under investigation by the Army. At New Jersey's Fort Dix, where Schine had eight weeks' indoctrination, the commandant ordered some 200 of Schine's old barracks buddies to be quizzed on the question of just how basic Soldier Schine's basic training had been. Charges filled the air that Schine had goldbricked his way through his rookie days. Fellow draftees were quoted as saying that Recruit Schine got a pass every weekend (and left the post spectacularly in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac), skipped all but one stint at guard duty, goofed off on target practice and kept hinting darkly that he was really only



Associated Press
THE ROOSEVELTS (SEATED) IN COURT
No millionaire, he.

NEW '54 PLYMOUTH



Under the Beauty

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Longer, lower-sweeping lines, accented with heavy sculptured chrome, highlight the dramatic new styling of the 1954 Plymouth. The all-new "Color-Tuned" interiors, with perfect harmony of fabric and finish, offer a level of luxury never before attained in a low-price car. Beneath all this bright new beauty are important engineering advances that make Plymouth the car of solid value. Below are shown only four value features. Your Plymouth dealer is ready to show you many, many more.

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Plymouth's new full-time Power Steering* is "on duty" every mile you drive. You drive—and park—with effortless ease. Hydraulic power does up to 90% of your car-handling work. You get 100% of the driving fun!



Plymouth Hy-Drive™—newest, smoothest, least-expensive no-shift driving in the low-price field—gives you powerful pick-up in one flowing motion. No jerks or lurches when you accelerate. Requires practically no servicing.

*Power Steering and Hy-Drive each available at low extra cost



Dual Flex Springs—an entirely new "spring on spring" seat construction—make Plymouth's famous Comfort Level Seats more restful than ever. Graduated cushioning action gives you a soft ride on any type of road.



Latest feature of Plymouth's Control Tower Visibility is the new No Glare Finish which eliminates eye-fatiguing reflection of light from instrument panel. Low hood silhouette gives you a clear, close-up view of the road.



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St. Michael's Mount on the Cornish coast is as far off the beaten track as you can get in England. This unique combina-

tion of fortress, church and country house is open to visitors—admission 28^o. To discover the true character of Britain and her

inhabitants—who speak *your* language—it pays to leave London behind and explore the countryside which few tourists ever see.



Far from the madding crowd in County Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Close by is the Bann, that "silver river" where St.

Patrick taught the people of the valley how to catch salmon. Mountain, glen and rushing stream say "welcome" and the friendly

folk add "May the saints protect ye—an' sorrow neglect ye..." And sure they will, everywhere you go in this smiling land.



For Highland Games in their natural setting, take the high road to Braemar. Here, by the Dee Valley, you'll thrill to the

flash of plaids and skirl of bagpipes. Such a scene cannot be reproduced anywhere else in the world. It is part of the magic of

Scotland, just as the rich musical heritage of miners' hymns belongs to Wales. See your Travel Agent and come to Britain.

hanging around to check morale. Snooping on his own, Columnist Drew Pearson had reported that Schine's old junketeering gumshoe pal, McCarthy Aide **Roy Cohn**, called the commandant often to inquire about Schine's welfare: "The Senator wants to know." This week Schine still seemed to be a soldier of good fortune. Most of his Company K comrades were in advanced infantry training. But Draftee Schine's eagle eyes proved weaker than most: put into a "Grade C" physical category, he found himself pursuing his old civilian line of work at the Army's Military Police training school in Georgia.

At the G.O.P.'s Lincoln Day box supper in the capital, where some 7,000 big-wig Republicans dealt with fried chicken



United Press
SECRETARY WILSON & WIFE
Never mind the silverware.

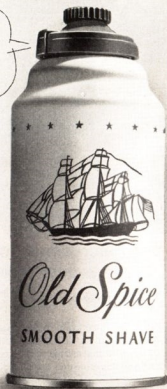
(tickets: \$1.50 each), Secretary of Defense **Charles E. Wilson**, in a frolicsome mood, fed his wife Jessie a tasty morsel without benefit of silverware.

Cinemactor **Marlon (Julius Caesar) Brando**, whose studious nonconformity (wearing T-shirts and sneakers, riding a motorcycle, hanging out in unfashionable bars) has long led Hollywood to regard him as eccentric, walked off the set of *The Egyptian* and did not come back. With a toothbrush for luggage, he flew to New York, where his psychiatrist issued a candid bulletin: "A very sick and mentally confused boy."

An Italian court weighed Cinemactor **Errol (Crossed Swords) Flynn's** \$5,000 suit against Italy's Carpano vermouth house, which had ballyhoosed its product with an ad showing Errol downing some sort of drink, with the caption: *THE IDOL OF WOMEN TOASTS CARPANO*. Not only was the use of Flynn's name and picture unauthorized, cried his lawyer, but it also reflected upon his reputation as "a heroic knight, the defender and champion of most noble virtues."

NOW YOU CAN
ENJOY MATCHLESS
Old Spice QUALITY
IN A
PRESSURE
SHAVE.

ASK FOR
Old Spice
SMOOTH SHAVE 1.00



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- Gives softer, richer foam
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- Top is leak-proof for traveling

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"I drink all the
coffee I want..."



"I get all the
sleep I need!"



**DON'T STOP DRINKING
COFFEE... JUST STOP
DRINKING CAFFEIN!**

It isn't *coffee* that keeps so many people awake at night. It's the nerve-jangling *caffein* that ordinary coffee contains. And bitter-tasting *caffein* adds nothing to coffee's flavor or fragrance!

So join the millions who've switched to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee. It's one of today's most flavorful coffees, and it's 97% *caffein*-free. It gives you all the fragrant satisfying goodness of fine coffee, yet *can't* keep you awake!

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EITHER INSTANT OR
REGULAR FORM

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**NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE**
It's delicious! It's 97% *caffein*-free!
It lets you sleep!

THE PRESS

Trouble for the Biggest

The tabloid New York *Daily News*, biggest paper in the U.S., was in a congratulatory mood last week. But in its usual breezy manner the *News* added a new twist; it was mysteriously congratulating itself. Said a *News* editorial: "The *News* congratulates numerous other newspapers, in New York and elsewhere . . . on the shrewdness and sense of their editors and owners in trying to copy so many features, practices and styles which were originated by the *News* . . . We cannot congratulate the people who buy these other papers. We can only commiserate with them, and hope for their sakes that their eyes may be opened in due time . . . They don't know what they're missing . . . It's a sad spectacle, which moves us to pity—though not to worry . . ."

In Manhattan's fierce newspaper competition, another paper gleefully cleared up the mystery by explaining what the "sad spectacle" really was. The *News's* circulation has steadily slipped, by close to 14%, from a high of 2,402,346 in 1947. For several months the *News*, which ordinarily publishes its up-to-date daily circulation figure in the paper, has been using its October circulation (2,075,000) instead. Not until last week were readers brought up to date again, told that circulation in January had slumped under the 2,000,000 mark (to 1,925,000) for the first time in years.

After pointing this out, Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, the *News's* arch rival (whose circulation has slipped as much), needled the *News* some more, saying: "They also said they originate and others only imitate . . . Heck, we remember last summer when the *Mirror* started the great 'Lucky Buck' game that set the city and the nation on its ear . . . Weeks went by. Our friends ignored it. Then we heard [the *News* was] holding meetings . . . All those brains! All that money! What were they going to come up with? Then came B-day. Our friends brought forth something called Banana [i.e., Bonanza] Bills—a game that was, so to speak, 'Lucky Bucks' spelled backwards."

The *News's* President and General Manager F. M. (for Francis Marion) Flynn acknowledged that there was trouble. To the *News* staff and others he reported that the "decline is a major reason for concern." With every price increase in the paper (from 2¢ to 3¢ to 4¢), circulation has fallen off, and increasing costs have tended to catch up with income, thus cutting the *News's* fat profits. The eleven-day Manhattan newspaper strike also cost the paper well over \$1,000,000 in ads and lost the *News* readers it never regained. But if the *News* and General Manager

* There was also trouble from another source last week. A three-alarm fire broke out in the *News* pressroom, sending 1,500 employees scurrying out on the street, and doing an estimated \$300,000 worth of damage. But the *News* missed not an edition.

"Jack" Flynn were "concerned," they were still not gloomy. Said Flynn: "The *News* is [still] one of the strongest newspapers financially in the country . . . with more than twice the circulation of any other newspaper in America."

Ike's Choice

In the radio-TV room of the White House last August, a group of photographers hurriedly shot pictures of the President as he prepared to broadcast a report to the nation. Among them was George Tames, 35, New York *Times* Magazine photographer. Only one of his three dozen shots of Ike was printed, the rest went into the paper's picture morgue. Recently, Photographer Tames entered his best picture in the White House News Photographers' Association annual contest, in which he has already won close to a



The New York Times
Photo Copyright 1953 (by George Tames)
OFFICIAL PORTRAIT
"That's me."

dozen prizes. But Ike saw a print first, commented: "That's me." This week the *Times* Magazine ran the picture on its front cover (see cut), announced that the White House had asked permission to use it as the "official Eisenhower portrait," which the President autographs and gives to visitors, friends and others who ask for a picture. At Ike's request, the portrait was not retouched.

Hunting Magazines

As one of the richest men in the U.S. (estimated daily income: \$200,000), Texas Oilman Haroldson Lafayette Hunt has already pushed into radio and TV with his nationwide *Facts Forum* programs (TIME, Jan. 11). He also puts out a monthly house-organ *Facts Forum News*, which goes free to a mailing list including Congressmen, radio-TV stations, newspapers, commentators, etc. Last week word got out that Oilman Hunt had bigger publishing ambitions. To Manhattan he had sent a representative to try to

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Get the cleanest, neatest-looking letters you ever signed for only a penny a day. Just trade in your old typewriters at 5 years instead of 10 for new Royal Standards.

What do new Royal Standards give you? They increase typing production, turn out letters you'll be proud to sign, and memos and reports worthy of your business.

They'll help raise office morale, too, and provide better employee relations—intangibles that are hard to define but mighty apparent when missing.

Besides, Royals are the finest, most rugged precision writing machines built. They take less time out for repairs, too.

An added point is this: Royals are preferred

2½ to 1 in business by people who type. So, you're providing your folks with the *popular* typewriter.

It's well worth while to turn in your old machines at 5 years instead of 10. About a penny a day per machine is all it costs. Ask a Royal Representative to demonstrate the new Royal Standard and explain the penny-a-day story.



Building—through business—for a better America! Support Junior Achievement

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FOLDING CHAIRS ARE

strongest... last longest!



That's why more public-seating buyers insist on Samsonite folding chairs... why millions are in use today. They outlast others, assure long-run savings.



SAMSONITE UPHOLSTERED FOLDING CHAIR has padded seat. Samsonite washable vinyl cover resists stains and scuffs for years! Model #2700.

ALL THESE EXTRAS AT NO EXTRA COST!

- Tubular steel construction • Easy, one-finger folding
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SAMSONITE FOLDING TABLE-ARM CHAIR has 5-ply hardwood table-arm that folds easily with chair, withstands years of constant use in school and meeting rooms. Model #2625.

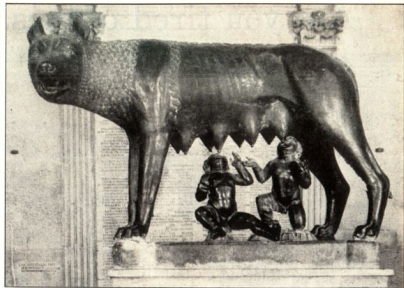


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Shaw-Way Bros., Inc., Public Seating Division, Dept. T-24, Detroit 29, Mich. Also makers of famous Samsonite Luggage and Card Tables and Chairs for the home.



Burton Holmes—Ewing Galloway

ROMULUS & REMUS

Also 89 prickly pears at one sitting.

buy two big national magazines, monthly *Coronet* (circ. 3,565,122) and biweekly *Collier's* (circ. 2,818,003). In his hunt for a big national magazine at both places Hunt got the same answer: no sale.

Wolf! Wolf!

Blared a headline in the Los Angeles *Mirror*: "WOLF BOY" REARED BY ANIMALS BOLTS RAW MEAT, SNARLS, BITES. Said the Indianapolis *Star*: SNARLING "WOLF BOY" FOUND IN INDIA. All over the U.S. last week, newspapers printed such sensational headlines over wire service stories from New Delhi, describing in wide-eyed fascination the discovery of a "nine-year-old 'wolf boy'" with clawlike hands and a double set of upper-jaw incisors "who walks on all fours, wolfs down raw meat and laps water like an animal. . . . There was some speculation the boy might have been reared by jackals, but [the attending doctor] said jackals often devour their young, while she-wolves are known to have strong maternal instincts." In the hospital at Lucknow, India, where the boy was being treated, reported A.P., the wolf boy "cringes from the light. . . snarls," and has "tried to bite attendants." The wire services and the dozens of papers that ran the story (including the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Baltimore *Sun*) left out one detail about the "wolf boy," which every editor should have known: the story was a complete (and tragic) hoax, the same kind of hoax that crops up every year or so.*

Ever since Romulus and Remus, folk-

lore full of children reared by wild animals has been passed on and diligently reported. In the manner of Kipling's fictional "wolf-suckled, snake-taught, elephant-advised" Mowgli, Ireland has produced a sheep boy, Africa a baboon boy who devoured 89 prickly pears in one sitting. Seven years ago, newsmen seriously reported that a gazelle boy, was found running, at 50 m.p.h., stark naked across the Syrian desert. (The giveaway clue: he was obviously accustomed to wearing clothes since his arms and face were tanned, but his body was white.)

Last week's "wolf boy" followed the familiar pattern of his ancestors. A mentally retarded child, who apparently had been partially paralyzed by a birth injury, he was found abandoned in a third-class railway coach in Lucknow. Doctors at the hospital where he was taken discovered he had two sets of upper incisors, hastily jumped to a series of unwarranted, nonmedical conclusions. The English-language Lucknow *National Herald* (est. circ. 10,000) heard about it, carried the first story reporting that the boy "seems to have been taken away to the jungle by jackals when just a small child." A Reuters correspondent at New Delhi, 300 miles away, long-distanced the hospital, put the story on its world wire with some added information: "Medical authorities propose taking him to Lucknow zoo to watch his reaction to the presence of female wolves." A.P. and U.P. filed their own "wolf boy" stories, though not one from the wire services had actually seen the wolf boy. Meanwhile, at the government hospital, the doctor-superintendent (and source of the stories) was reveling in the publicity. Amidst a swelling tide of local protest, the sick, deformed child was put in a ward where spectators saw an attendant on hand to poke him and make him move and moan. Admission charge: 1 anna (1½¢).

* Another phony story that periodically turns up in papers: a rich traveler carrying a large sum of money stops for the night at a poor farmhouse in a back-country part of Europe, and the greedy farmer and his wife murder and rob him. Then they discover that the man is their son who went to the U.S. years ago and returned to buy them a big house for their old age.

Its fame has wings 

Kentucky Tavern's airborne presence on the overseas airlines listed below is your added assurance that *The Aristocrat of Bonds* is served with pride everywhere.

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This means that American now offers the fastest service between New York and Los Angeles and New York and San Francisco. The addition of the DC-7 also enables American to greatly expand its nonstop service between major cities on its 10,800 miles of routes.

So welcome aboard the Flagship Fleet for '54. Welcome to the most modern fleet of transport aircraft in the world. And welcome from American's 17,000 trained personnel whose friendly attentive service has long set the standard for air transportation.



AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.

America's Leading Airline



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Hand-buffed leather in coral and ivory, deep-pile matching carpet and color-keyed instrument panel and wheel typify the luxurious new interiors of the '54 Custom Catalinas.



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America's First Low Cost Luxury Car

You are looking at the new wonder of the motoring world, the completely new Star Chief Pontiac. And what makes this car such a wonder is its unsurpassed combination of superb quality and low price. *There has never been anything like it.* For here is the biggest, richest and most powerful Pontiac ever built—qualified by length, luxury, styling and per-

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lowest priced eight, is also mightier than ever and far more beautiful inside and out—again the dominant dollar for dollar value at its very modest cost.

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PONTIAC

RELIGION

The Pope's Illness

Around the world all week long ran a quiet concern: the Pope was gravely ill.

It began with what the Vatican paper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, called "a slight indisposition." Pius XII, close to his 78th birthday (March 2), had been afflicted with an attack of hiccups, at first sporadic, then almost incessant and accompanied by a slight fever. But he carried on through his normal day; rising at about 6, saying Mass, and working until near 2 in the morning.

After four days, the hiccupping subsided and he had his first good night's rest. He sent for his car to take him to the Vatican gardens for a walk. But when he finally came down to the courtyard of the Apostolic Palace, bundled snugly in his white, fur-lined robe, he took a long look at the lowering winter sky and waved the car away. He returned to his apartments and went to work again—until 9:30 that evening.

The next day he was worse. Weak and miserable, with stomach cramps and nausea, he was confined to his old-fashioned brass-knobbed bed in the third-floor corner chamber of the palace, while his physicians checked him meticulously to try to find out what was wrong. They seemed to find nothing organically amiss, attributed his illness basically to age and overwork. At week's end, the Pope seemed improved. Though still very weak, he was taking more food, it was announced, was able to hold hour-long conferences with top Vatican officials.

Breakfast in Washington

In an assembly room of Washington's Mayflower Hotel one morning last week gathered a group of 600. The President of the United States was there. So were the Vice President, the Chief Justice of the United States, Cabinet members, Congressmen, diplomats, businessmen. They ate a sturdy breakfast (grapefruit, scrambled eggs, sausage, ham, hominy grits and gravy). Then the chairman of the meeting, Republican Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, called order, and the annual prayer breakfast of the International Council for Christian Leadership got down to its purpose.

"This morning," said Baptist Carlson, "we are here to renew our faith and our commitment to God." In the next half-hour, half a dozen notables rose to their feet. Wisconsin Senator Alexander Wiley, a Lutheran, read from the First Psalm ("Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly . . ."). Vice President Nixon, a Quaker, read from the 15th chapter of *John* ("This is my commandment. That ye love one another, as I have loved you . . ."). Hotelman Conrad Hilton, their host, a Roman Catholic, told them: "It took a war and the frightening evil of Communism to show the world that this whole business of prayer is not a sissy, a counterfeit thing . . .

Rather it is a part of man's personality, without which he limps."

The last speaker was Chief Justice Earl Warren, who was raised a Methodist, now frequently attends Baptist services with his wife. "I believe no one can read the history of our country," he said, "without realizing that the Good Book and the spirit of the Saviour have from the beginning been our guiding geniuses . . . Whether we look to the first Charter of Virginia . . . or to the Charter of New England . . . or to the Charter of Massachusetts Bay . . . or to the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut . . . the same objective is present: a Christian land governed by Christian principles . . .

"I believe the entire Bill of Rights came into being because of the knowledge

cape with the flair of an actor, a 41-year-old priest called Abbé Pierre was rocketing through the city in a tiny green Renault, collecting old clothes, setting up distribution points, opening emergency shelters. From radios and the stages of theaters, on street corners and in churches, the soft voice of Abbé Pierre appealed: "My friends, help us!"

And the response was strong. The Ministry of Health doled out 4,000,000 francs. From another ministry came blankets. The army contributed trucks to move supplies, hospitals established dormitories, and municipal buildings were turned into soup kitchens and sleeping halls. The Métro turned over three unused subway stations to Abbé Pierre for shelters against the cold.

The voice of Abbé Pierre went on: "Empty your attics, Parisians. There may be venerable things in them, but they're



WARREN (AT LECTERN), EISENHOWER & FELLOW BREAKFASTERS
After grits and gravy, Christian leadership.

our forefathers had of the Bible and their belief in it: freedom of belief, of expression, of assembly, of petition, the dignity of the individual, the sanctity of the home, equal justice under law, and the reservation of powers to the people . . .

"I like to believe we are living today in the spirit of the Christian religion. I like also to believe that as long as we do so, no great harm can come to our country."

"Empty Your Attics"

It was perishing cold in France last week. Rich women shivered and complained about the difficulty of heating their high-ceilinged rooms, bus riders shivered and told each other that it was the worst winter in two generations, the poor just shivered. By week's end more than 90 were dead of the cold alone—no one knew how many more of pneumonia.

Suddenly Paris was aware that a man was organizing a Resistance against the cold. Bearded and gaunt, wearing a black

less venerable than the lives of babies." As the Abbé strode through a tent shelter late last week, a woman in a chic Persian lamb coat handed him \$210 collected from friends. "Monsieur l'Abbé," she cried, "You have awakened us!"

The Soft Touch. That is what Abbé Pierre has been trying to do for a long time. The fifth of eight children of a wealthy Lyons silk manufacturer, Henri Antoine Grôus at 18 signed his inheritance over to charity and entered a Capuchin monastery. Eight years later tuberculosis forced him to give up the rigors of monastic life, and he was assigned as a secular priest to the diocese of Grenoble.

After the fall of France he joined the Resistance, helped Jews across the Swiss border, operated a laboratory for forging documents, fought in surprise raids against German and Italian barracks. He was captured by the Italians but escaped to the mountains, where he joined the famed Vercors Maquis and founded an

Why Dogs Leave Home...

I DON'T WANNA LEAVE HOME EITHER, ANGELA, BUT I JUST CAN'T STAND TO SEE MY WIFE AND KIDDIES EAT THE SAME FLAVOR DOG FOOD DAY AFTER DAY!



ANGELA! PIERRE! PUPPIES! COME BACK! WE'VE GOT RED HEART... THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD!



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underground newspaper. The Germans chased him to Lyons, where he took the pseudonym Pierre and went to work forging identity cards until things again got too hot. When the war ended, he was a priest with six decorations and no parish—and no great urge to settle down in one.

He went into politics, and in 1946 became a deputy to the National Assembly. But his real vocation slid casually into his life with a young couple and a baby who had just been evicted and had nowhere to go. Abbé Pierre bedded them down in his ramshackle house in a run-down Paris suburb. In no time, the word got around that the "abbé with the beard" was a soft touch. His house became headquarters for the homeless.

The 256,000-Franc Question. Abbé Pierre bought the barrack buildings of an old prisoner-of-war camp on credit and set them up in vacant lots. Here he charged 15¢ for a night's lodging, took in 5,000 people a year and showed a profit. But more money was needed to build more houses, and when an ex-ragpicker suggested collecting junk and selling it, Abbé Pierre promptly organized such an efficient scavenger system that they soon needed a truck.

Abbé Pierre made a pilgrimage to a quiz program, *Quitte ou Double* (Double or Nothing). He was accepted as a contestant and after a few questions had a stack of francs. Yes, he said, he would try another question. "What is the meaning of F.A.O.?" the master of ceremonies asked. "Food and Agriculture Organization," answered the priest. "Right. Do you want to go on?" asked the M.C. Abbé Pierre made a rapid calculation. "No," he said. The Abbé had 256,000 francs (\$730), and the junk business had its first truck.

Less than a year later, there were close to a dozen trucks and a community of the poor, called Emmaus,[®] working together to collect and process the junk that keeps them alive. Today, three years later, the community has mushroomed to three villages, where 110 families and 200 single men live in wheel-less freight cars, old buses and corrugated metal shanties.

Abbé Pierre puts no religious price tag on membership in his communities. "You'll get your soup whether you believe or not," he tells the people who come. But the Abbé's example has its effect; one group has constructed a shrine to the Virgin out of wood and terra cotta and calls its area *Notre Dame des Sans Logis* (Our Lady of the Homeless). Behind his own house is a tiny brick chapel where Abbé Pierre regularly says Mass for the two priests, five seminarians and twelve laymen who work with him.

Of Saints & Heroes. Abbé Pierre and the cruel cold have brought a new mood to Paris. He has even established a modern version of the medieval institution of sanctuary by persuading the police to promise that no one in a shelter shall be asked for his identity papers. But Abbé



Abbé Pierre & HUNGRY PARISIAN
"Soup, whether you believe or not."

Pierre knows well how quickly a rise in temperature can melt the city's new-found concern. "It's not enough to prevent miserable people from dying in the streets," he says. "They have to be helped so they can live like men."

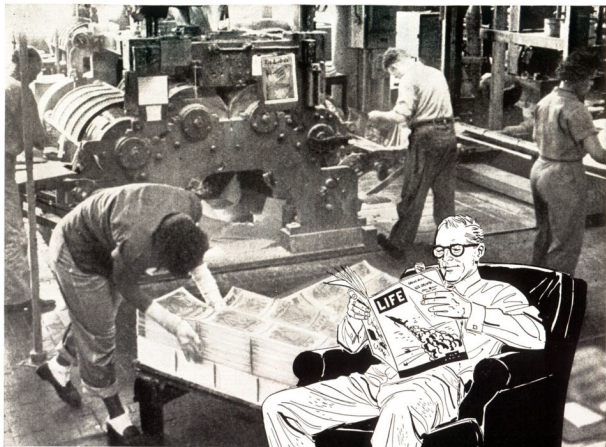
In Abbé Pierre France has a new hero. Two French producers said last week they would make movies about him. In a busy warehouse, an unemployed carpenter looked up from counting emergency-issue blankets to watch the tough Abbé stride past. "There goes another St. Vincent de Paul," he said. "Only better. He's so much more efficient."

Words & Works

¶ At its annual meeting in Atlantic City, the National Lutheran Council, representing 4,500,000 members in eight church groups, called upon the U.N. General Assembly to request the Arab countries and Israel to meet at a peace table. The council, which re-elected Dr. Oscar A. Benson of Minneapolis president for his second one-year term, also heard a report from its Latin American division calling for a "full-scale spiritual invasion" of the Roman Catholic countries of Latin America.

¶ "Religion is gaining ground—morality is losing ground," said Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen of Union Theological Seminary at an interdenominational seminar. "This is one of the most surprising and overlooked facts in America today... Churches possess a larger and wider allegiance... than ever before," but crime, alcoholism, divorce and sexual laxity are on the alarming increase. "Either there will be a moral renewal or [religion's gains] will fritter out into futility."

® After the village where Christ appeared, after the Resurrection, to his disheartened disciples.



The big rush to help you relax

Relaxing with your favorite weekly magazine. That spells quiet enjoyment to millions of Americans. But did you ever wonder how all these magazines get to newsstands so fast? Well, here's how the biggest weekly, LIFE, handles its enormous distribution job. Every week LIFE's presses turn out over 5,500,000 copies. Between Monday when the magazines start coming off the presses, and Friday when they reach newsdealers throughout the country, LIFE and Railway Express work together closely and rapidly. Why do LIFE and many other big-circulation magazines depend on Railway

Express? Because only this nationwide rail, air and truck service can pick up, transport and deliver so many shipments to so many places in so short a time — and does so every week of the year.

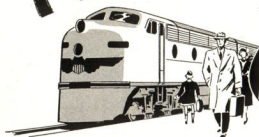
The magazine business is huge . . . so are the shipping problems connected with it. But to the 45,000 Railway Expressmen the smallest shipping problem is as important as the biggest. Every shipment you forward or receive gets complete, start-to-finish service from Railway Express — extra-value service without extra cost. Call your local Railway Express Agent today.



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UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Lullaby (by Don Appell) concerns a 38-year-old truck driver who wriggles out from under his mother's thumb to marry a likable nightclub cigarette girl. The play first chronicles a honeymoon in Scranton complicated by Mother's rampagous arrival from New York; it then chronicles household arrangements in New York dislocated by Mother's inching her way into the household.

Since Mother is played by Mary Boland, *Lullaby* is considerably more farcical than Freudian. And since Mother—when not making herself pathetic and ill-used with every weapon in the Momist kit—proves a good deal of an old rip, Veteran Actress Boland comes through in her



Alfredo Valente

MARY BOLAND
Mother is an old rip.

breeziest style of impeccable low comedy. Each of her intrusions on her son and daughter-in-law (well played by Jack Warden and Kay Medford) makes a bright little blob of color for the play.

The play even has scattered bright spots of its own: Playwright Appell shows a knack for brightly stenciling familiar characters and situations, and if his dialogue seldom has wit, it often has sass. Thanks to a good cast, *Lullaby* coaxes a certain amount of routine amusement, first out of Mama's-Boy Meets Girl, then out of depicting home and mother as more like oil and water. But to such standbys of comedy it brings no new insight and only limited verve. Hence it is forced into utter disregard for tone—one minute realistic comedy, the next shameless shenanigans. And when all else fails, *Lullaby* drags in something about sex.

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New Dodge PowerFlite Transmission.
Fully-automatic—and fully-proved! Newest, greatest of them all. Dodge with PowerFlite established 63 official AAA records for performance, stamina and endurance on the Bonneville Salt Flats.



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New Dodge Official Performance Records.

On the Bonneville Salt Flats, the '54 Dodge shattered 196 official AAA records for performance, and endurance. No other American car has ever provided such clinching proof of all-around value.



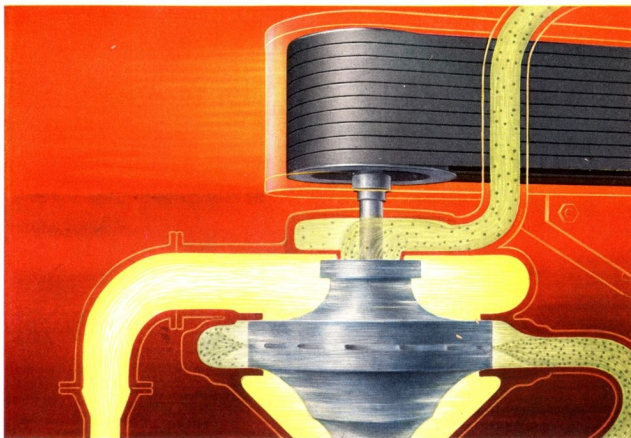
*yours to enjoy
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DODGE

ELEGANCE IN ACTION

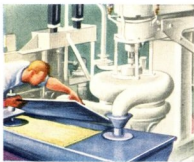
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Schematic drawing of Centrifugal Separator as manufactured by

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Stumbling block for the designers of these separators arose in the drive. They needed a drive that could handle the extremely high speeds and heavy loads without vibration and with a minimum of noise. Limited space was an added restriction. V-belts seemed to hold the answer. But all the ordinary belts they tried failed through stretching, slipping

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of corn

or scorching in as little as a few hours.

What to do? The engineers were stopped. Finally, they sent for the G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man. He listened to the problem. He studied the drive — and specified a set of ten Steel Cable V-Belts to be X-rayed and specially matched under actual operating conditions. These smooth Goodyear belts, sinewed with airplane-type steel cables, proved the answer—are now standard equipment on the high-speed machines produced.



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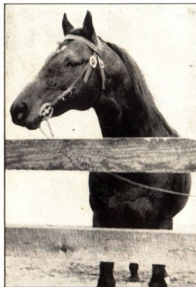
JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

SPORT

Native Dancer's Sire

As a race horse, Polynesian proved his worth by winning the Preakness Stakes and 26 other races, earned a total of \$310,410. At stud (since 1948), he has proved even more valuable. Last week, at the age of twelve, he was transferred to a syndicate headed by Mrs. P.A.B. Widener II, for a record price in U.S. thoroughbred history: \$560,000.

Polynesian's progeny have been racing for only three full seasons, but they already include such notable stakes-winners as Native Dancer and Tahitian King. Currently at stud in Kentucky, and booked to 38 mares this year, Polynesian looked like a real bargain. Last year he ranked second only to Bull Lea* as a sire of moneywin-



Mack Hughes

POLYNESIAN

Expectancy: 200 foals and \$1,000,000.

ners, and his stud fees have steadily risen from \$1,500 to \$5,000 for a live foal. Averaging 20 foals a year for the next ten years, his expectancy, Polynesian can be expected to return \$1,000,000 on the syndicate's investment.

From Lexington, Ky., came disappointing news for the admirers of Tom Fool, 1953's Horse of the Year. Retired to stud last fall, he had so far failed to show any interest in mares.

Nonchalant Miller

All week long, New York sportswriters filled their columns with conjectures about Josef Barthel's chances of breaking Gil Dodd's indoor mile record of 4:05.3. On the eve of the Millrose Games meet—and its famed Wanamaker Mile—the Madison Square Garden box office was

* Whose progeny have earned more than \$1,000,000 in three of the last seven years.

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DRIVER SWARTHOUT & RACER
A bug for Grandfather.

Drew West—El Centro Post-Press

turning away business. The track fans were considerably more excited than 26-year-old Josef Barthel, Luxembourg's 1,500-meter Olympic champion (and record holder) more concerned with his Harvard postgraduate studies in sanitary engineering. After classes, on the day of the meet, Barthel finally got around to hopping a train in Boston, and reached Manhattan just a few hours before he was due to run.

Warming up, Barthel seemed as unconcerned as the crowd was excited, though he was making only his third start on an indoor track and had never seen the Garden's before. He stood respectfully for *The Star-Spangled Banner*, then straightened a bit more as the band struggled through the Luxembourg national anthem, *Ons Hémécht* (Our Homeland). At the starter's gun, medium-built (5 ft. 9 in., 155 lbs.) Barthel was off with the pack, running smoothly and easily with his short-legged stride.

When it was announced that Barthel had passed the three-quarter-mile mark in 3:09.2, the knowing crowd groaned, for at such a pace a record was impossible. But the groans turned to cheers as Barthel cut loose with his famed finishing sprint. With no one to push him, Barthel whirled around the banked track in a burning final quarter of 58.3 seconds, finished 20 yards ahead of Runner-Up Fred Wilt. At the finish, Barthel seemed to be the only man in the Garden not noticeably out of breath. His time: 4:07.5, third fastest in Wanamaker history, but still more than two seconds off Dodds's record.

Says Barthel: "I do not run to set records; I run to win meets. I also run to relax from studying." After the race, Barthel headed back to Harvard, leaving track fans more convinced than ever that he will break Dodds's record, and others, when he has to, to win a meet.

The Micro Midgets

Ward Ellsworth Swarthout is a stocky little (5 ft. 6 in., 135 lbs.) motor bug. As a peacetime Army pilot in the '20s, he flew airplanes for a while, but gave them up as "too dangerous." Swarthout found a substitute in something closer to the ground by turning auto racer in big (270 cu. in. cylinder displacement), standard racing cars, then gave them up for earth-hugging midget (up to 145 cu. in.) racing. Last week, at Brawley, Calif., 50-year-old Ward Swarthout, now a grandfather, was happily racing just a couple of inches off the ground in the tiniest of all racers: micro midgets.

The micros are the latest fad in auto racing, an ever-growing sport that drew an estimated 23 million spectators last year to all types of competition. Four years ago, one of the first micros, a Yuma, Ariz. job, caught the eye of old racer Swarthout, who runs his own auto-repair shop at El Centro, Calif. Swarthout promptly built the first one in the Imperial Valley. Since then, micro-midget racing has spread as far east as Pennsylvania. Reason for the popularity of the micros: they can be built for as little as \$300.*

Limits to Leeway. California's Imperial Valley Micro-Midget Association, like others, has imposed stringent limits on size and engine displacement for the racers. The buglike cars must be no longer than 5 ft., no higher than 34 in., must have a wheel spread of no more than 42 in. Valve-in-head engines may have a maximum of 18 cu. in. of total cylinder displacement; overhead valve engines are limited to 13½ cu. in.

With that kind of leeway, micro-midget fans have scrounged engines from a wild

* Price for an Offenhauser-powered midget: \$5,500-\$7,000; for a road-racing Ferrari: \$12,000 to \$14,000.

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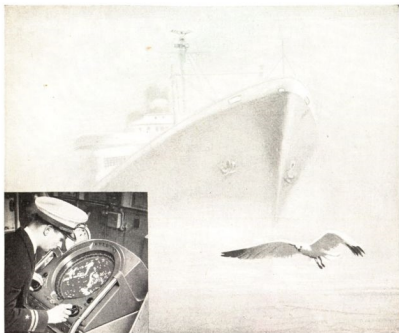


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assortment of places: lawnmower motors, outboards, motor scooters, units from generating and refrigerator plants, and even bilge-pump engines salvaged from Navy landing craft. Average weight of car and engine: 250 lbs.

"For the Laughs." At the Brawley races last week, racketing and roaring around the one-eighth-mile track, the little micros hit it up as high as 60 m.p.h. on the straightaways (record for the track: 11.8 sec.). Remarkable one micro-midgeter: "When you're that close to the ground, 60 miles an hour is a hell of a lot faster than 120 in a standard-size car." Ward Swarthout's micro had a field day, beginning with two seconds and two firsts in the day's early events.

In the 30-lap, twelve-car main event, two micros smashed up on a turn, three others spun out, another broke a steering-column pin, climbed a bank and hit a fence; but as usual no one was hurt—in fact, in four years of micro racing, the most serious injury any driver has suffered is a broken elbow. Swarthout, who races "strictly for the laughs," since there is no prize money for micro addicts, buzzed home first in the main race. Afterward, the hat was passed, and the drivers collected \$276.72 for the March of Dimes. Grinned Top-Winner Swarthout: "It was a real nice afternoon—for a grandfather."

Scoreboard

¶ At Hanover, N.H., by the slimmest of margins, the Dartmouth College ski team won its 20th victory in the 44-year-old history of its Winter Carnival. Dartmouth's skiers scored 560.9 points over Runner-Up New Hampshire (558.5), St. Lawrence (557.8) and Middlebury (557.3).

¶ In Bad Gastein in the Austrian women's ski championships (and warming up for this month's world ski championships) the U.S.'s Jannette Burr of Seattle showed her heels to Europe's best, won both the slalom and the downhill competition, though, as a non-Austrian, she was ineligible for the titles.

¶ Meeting in London, the International Amateur Athletic Federation approved 38 new track and field world records. Among the most important: three for Czech Marathoner Emil Zatopek, at six miles (28:08.4), 10,000 meters (29:01.6) and 30,000 meters (1:35:23.8); two for the U.S.'s Mal Whitfield, at the half mile (1:48.6) and 1,000 meters (2:20.8).

¶ In Manhattan, the International Boxing Club, which controls fight arenas from coast to coast and is sometimes known as "Octopus Inc.," turned out to be a sport, not a business, just like baseball. U.S. District Court Judge Gregory F. Noonan, using the Supreme Court's recent baseball ruling as a precedent, threw out a federal monopoly case pressed under the antitrust act.

¶ The New York Giants traded the man who won them a pennant in 1951. Outfielder Bobby Thomson, 30, whose ninth-inning play-off homer beat Brooklyn, went to the Milwaukee Braves for Pitcher Johnny Antonelli in a six-player deal.

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The blast furnace is the largest single facility used in the manufacture of steel products. In its seething interior, a mixture of coke and limestone wrests iron from its native ore. Pictured here is one of National Steel's two newest blast furnaces being tapped to send a white-hot stream of molten iron on its way into the steel making cycle. This iron, when combined with scrap and other ingredients in huge open hearth furnaces, will become steel.

These two blast furnaces are important additions to National's facilities, for they have increased production of iron by approximately a million tons a year.

At the plants of National's divisions at Detroit, Weirton and Buffalo there now is a total of 12 blast furnaces, with a combined capacity of 4,500,000 tons of pig iron annually.

Increased pig iron capacity is but one phase of the expansion which has covered the full range of National's operations from raw materials to finishing facilities . . . from great new coal and iron ore properties to new equip-

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EDUCATION

Experiment in St. Louis

A retarded child had better be given remedial study courses as soon as possible. Otherwise, his problems balloon as he struggles through grade school, become overpowering by the time he reaches high school or college. Last fall, in St. Louis, Public School Superintendent of Instruction Philip J. Hickey began an experimental clinic for retarded third-graders (aged 8-10) in five schools. The results have convinced Superintendent Hickey that he is on the right track.

St. Louis chose the third grade for a good reason. By then, a teacher can tell which child is coming along rapidly, which slowly; third grade is also the last grade where children learn simply by listening

lent of eight months' work in four. In English usage, their progress was still below par but much faster than before. Furthermore, as the children gained knowledge and confidence, their troublesome behavior began to improve.

Last week, with the pilot project completed, St. Louis was taking a bigger step. This term, \$80,000 from the state will be added to St. Louis' school budget for remedial clinics, enough to pay for 20 more teachers in 39 schools and special instruction for 800 children. If the program keeps on working as well as it has, Superintendent Hickey wants to put a study clinic for third-graders in every one of St. Louis' 109 public elementary schools.

The Harringer Boys

The West German university city of Freiburg (pop. 110,000) was a bad place for a child in late 1945. Bombs and artillery shells had cratered its streets, shattered its industry (mainly textiles and precision instruments), gutted its homes. Children roamed the rubble in wolf packs, raiding homes, stealing food and clothing for the black market. By 1947 Freiburg had a shockingly high juvenile-delinquency rate: scrawny, defiant boys, aged 12 to 18, were being brought before Freiburg's courts in batches of dozens at a time, sentenced and packed off to prison. Freiburg's citizens just shook their heads. But one man, Dr. Karl Harringer, 44, chief judge of the city's juvenile courts, made up his mind to do something about the problem.

Soup & Beggars. Judge Harringer began with a simple idea: "No 'bad' boy is really bad." He saw the delinquents as victims of Nazi education, of war-torn marriages, of complacency and defeat. The children, he said, had been "derailed" by World War II. His first move was to herd a gang of 40 delinquents off to a soup kitchen instead of jail. There each boy got a meal, a pair of shoes, some clothes the judge had scrounged. Then they talked, not about crime or war, but about sports, music, dancing and books. The boys began to relax. They came back for more talk night after night.

With that as a starter, Judge Harringer really got busy. He helped the boys turn an abandoned theater into a civic center, hired professional musicians to play for them, asked local authors to give talks on the world's great literature, brought in actors to put on comedy skits. The judge haunted welfare groups, asking them to help him rustle up food and clothing. "There's no question," said one official, "that Harringer is the most gifted beggar in town." Said the judge with a smile: "We have to do the giving before we have the right to ask anything of these youngsters."

Monuments & Dancing. Today, Freiburg's cops can look forward to quiet evenings. Judge Harringer's boys' town now has 300 members, most of them on

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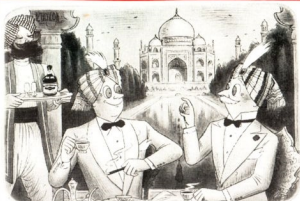


SUPERINTENDENT HICKEY
The earlier, the easier.

to their teacher; from then on, they learn from books. In St. Louis, the teachers chose 100 youngsters whose basic deficiencies hinted at trouble as their studies got harder and more formal. Though none was really "backward," i.e., below average I.Q., all had fallen behind because of illness, or too much study too early. Some, because of their failures, had also become problems in the classroom.

In special classes of 20 and with sympathetic teachers, they began to pick up their three Rs rapidly. One ten-year-old who had been stricken with rheumatic fever and missed a year of school gained a year's credit in reading, picked up eight months in all his other studies; another child, whose insecure home life had made him hate school, gained 1½ years in all his work, now argues to go to school even when he is sick. By Christmas vacation, teachers could report that the 100 students had doubled their proficiency in reading, spelling, arithmetic, had done the equiva-

80
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probation for petty theft. They proudly
call themselves "the Härringer Boys,"
have a spacious new civic center do-
nated by the city. Instead of roaming
aimlessly, the boys are split into groups
of 15, are led by young men from Frei-
burg's Youth Office and university to vis-
it historical monuments, factories and
schools. Evenings, they enjoy table-tennis
tournaments, musicals and dances with
girls from the university.

Last week, on his way to Nebraska to
visit Father Flanagan's Boys Town and
see how the idea works in the U.S.,
Judge Härringer could point to some im-
pressive results. In seven years, some
600 Germans in trouble with the law have
passed through his home; only one has
been convicted of a second criminal of-
fense. The judge knows that his project is
no substitute for an adequate home life,
and in some cases the boys coming before
his bench must be sent away to a reform
school. But many can be helped. Says
Judge Härringer: "Prophylaxis is easier
and cheaper than therapeutics. The
trouble with most of these children is
that few of them have ever had any fun."

Report Card

¶ In Washington, a commission of the
American Association of School Admin-
istrators issued a 390-page report arguing
that U.S. youth must learn about Com-
munism before they can fight it. Said the
commission: "No school can prevent
youth from hearing about such issues in
their daily lives... Hence, it seems
more appropriate to include them in the
curriculum as natural, normal aspects of
life about which youth must learn...
We cannot fight totalitarian ideologies
without first understanding them."

¶ For the one recruit in ten without a
fourth-grade education, the U.S. Army
announced a program of "transitional
training" at seven training centers to give
G.I.s book learning with their bayonet
drill. The program will teach reading,
writing, arithmetic and citizenship, will
take two to four weeks depending on how
fast recruits pick up what they missed
in school.

¶ Illinois State Library in Springfield
launched a campaign "to make it im-
possible for our children to obtain
smut." Among the first volumes marked
with the words "This book is for adult
readers": John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Pro-
gress*, Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under
the Sea*, some of Hans Christian Ander-
sen's fairy tales. Needed for a youngster
who wants to get any of them: a librar-
ian's decision.

¶ Latest idea to make child psychologists
turn grey: a nation-wide newspaper con-
test inspired by the cartoon strip *Dennis
the Menace*. Mothers were asked to send
in (for cash prizes of \$25-\$75) the very
worst pranks their youngsters have pulled.
An early winner: a 2½-year-old who pried
open the automatic washer (flooding the
house), stuffed dry spaghetti into the
electric mixer (burning it out), cut a shirt
to shreds with scissors, painted the neigh-
bor's garage a bright rainbow of colors.



1954 Studebakers coming off production line

Suppose an auto maker had to ask the government's permission to raise or lower the price of his cars...

Over the past 50 years, the automobile industry has grown to mammoth size—giving employment, directly and indirectly, to millions of people.

Its accomplishments have been the accomplishments of private management, free to make decisions in the best interests of customers, employees and stockholders—and to put those decisions into effect immediately.

For example, if a competitive situation makes advisable a reduction in price, an automobile manufacturer can announce that reduction over-night. Conversely, should material costs rise or a

general wage increase be granted, added operating expense can be offset by an immediate price rise.

Most businesses are able to operate with this freedom—with management assuming full responsibility for its decisions.

A notable exception is the railroad industry, where a decision to reduce or increase rates must be submitted to a regulatory commission. The railroads agree that reasonable regulation of railroad prices is in the public interest but, in recent years, decisions on general freight rate increases at the national level have taken an average of 350 days—a time lag that

has cost the railroads more than a billion dollars in lost revenues.

The railroads perform an important service for American business and industry. To do their job, they need and ask the basic freedom other businesses enjoy in our competitive economy. They ask that regulations be modernized to fit present day conditions.

The railroads operating in the highly populated and industrial East are especially burdened by the restrictions placed upon them by outmoded and unrealistic regulations.... Eastern Railroad Presidents Conference, 143 Liberty Street, New York 6, New York.

Substitute for God?

For most of his 52 years, French Writer André Malraux had been searching for an answer to the question: What is the meaning of man? As a youth, he took up archeology, looking for the meaning among dead civilizations. Later he sought the answer in revolution, fought alongside the Communists in China and Spain. In 1939, he broke with the Communists, and after World War II, became right-hand man to right-wing General Charles de Gaulle. In his monumental book, *The Voices of Silence*, published in the U.S. last year (TIME, Nov. 23), Malraux seemed at last to have found his answer in art. Now, in a thoughtful essay in the French Catholic monthly, *Etudes*, Philosophy Professor Jean Onimus tells Malraux that he is wrong again.

Malraux and many like-minded intellectuals, writes Onimus, try to substitute art for God. "Malraux finds in art the justification for existence . . . He cannot dwell in nothingness; the absurdity of it catches him by the throat . . . He seized upon art when it appeared to offer an escape toward heaven . . . For Malraux, [art] succeeds the gods; it takes over from a faltering religion . . . Modern man . . . stripped of faith and hope, surrounds himself with [masterpieces], those ghosts who have successfully triumphed over time . . . For modern man, as Malraux sees him, museums are no longer collections, they are sanctuaries where, in a world given over to materialism and mechanization, the spirit survives . . ."

Malraux had written: "The alcove of Vermeer, a flower painting by Chardin, give us a view of a world where man is less unlike than in his own." But, Onimus responds: "What anguish in these few lines! And, in fact, perhaps what misgivings! Does Malraux seriously believe that Vermeer's alcove, Chardin's bouquet, however beautiful they are, contain within them the power of salvation? . . . His position is untenable."

Mixmaster

Berlin-born Karl Zerbe, who dislikes oils, has painted with egg yolk, casein, fig milk, wax soap, Duco auto enamel and hot beeswax. His wax technique—a revival of the ancient encaustic method in which colors are mixed with hot wax and afterwards cooked into the canvas—brought him critical acclaim. But in 1949, things began to go wrong. Zerbe started suffering from asthma, found that he was allergic to beeswax.

Painter Zerbe set out to find a new medium. The answer was polymer tempera, a plastic mixture developed by one of Zerbe's former students at the Boston Museum's art school. Polymer tempera is made by mixing polyvinyl acetate, a bland white plastic (which is also used as a binder for paper diapers), with softener and ammonia. The result is a fast-drying medium as easy to handle as gouache but



ZERBE'S "JANITOR"
An allergy to beeswax.

with as much body as oil. Last week 16 of Zerbe's new plastic paintings were on view at Manhattan's Alan Gallery. Painter Zerbe, 50, had changed more than his medium.

The new paintings were markedly more abstract than his earlier work. There was an architectural quality about most of them, expressed in long, vertical-lined backgrounds that gave a skyscraper dimension to his compositions. In *Janitor*, one of the show's best items, Zerbe set an old man with vertically furrowed face



MUSEUM DIRECTOR ROTHENSTEIN
A horse painter's revenge.

and sharply structural features against a background of high buildings. The man's face seems to be made of the same rough masonry as the building; Zerbe mixes mica, sand or flint with his plastic to give a rougher surface. *Three Doors* is a semi-abstract in quiet reds, mauves and greens which conveys the dilapidated dignity of the hallways of old brownstone tenements.

The critics were pleased, and so was Zerbe. He has not yet tried mixing his paints with rose water, uranium or *pâte de foie gras*, and, for the time being, at least, he intends to stick to polymer tempera.

Tempest at the Tate

In 15 years as director of London's Tate Gallery, Sir John Kneetub Maurice Rothenstein has made his museum one of the world's best showcases of modern art. The gallery draws as many people (1,000,000 a year) as Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. But by trying to please both ultra-modernists and conservatives, Sir John frequently gets himself into hot water.

In 1949 he infuriated the Royal Academy's President Sir Alfred Munnings, a horse painter with mid-Victorian tastes, by deciding that hanging was too good for 400-odd pictures and sculptures which the Royal Academy had bought for the Tate. Last year indignant M.P.s wanted to know why publicity-conscious Sir John had allowed pictures to be taken in the Tate of Cinemactress Zsa Zsa Gabor simpering at a Toulouse-Lautrec. Last week Director Rothenstein faced far more serious trouble.

In the House of Lords, questions had been asked about how the Tate spends some of its bequest moneys. It turned out that in one case, part of the proceeds from £40,000 (\$112,000) left by a wealthy spinster for the purchase of works by contemporary Asians had been spent for *Portrait of a Lady* by John Constable, who was no Asian and died in 1837. From another bequest for the purchase of paintings, the Tate had bought some sculpture. In a third case, some funds left for the purchase of works by British artists had been spent on works by foreigners. A more serious charge: the Tate trustees had sold good paintings, bought inferior works at inflated prices.

The Tate's board of trustees admitted that some bequest money (£2,750) had not been used as directed, but insisted that the sum had been refunded from other income. Nevertheless, Painter Graham Sutherland (twelve of whose starkly modern paintings hang in the Tate) resigned his post as a trustee, last week charged that "several breaches of trust" had been committed and that the board had been duped on the current market value of modern works of art, resulting in "considerable wastage of public money."

Director Rothenstein's old enemies were using the affair for all it was worth. Trumpeted 75-year-old Sir Alfred Munnings: "An investigation of the running of the Tate is long overdue."



RENOIR'S "LUNCHEON OF THE BOATING PARTY"

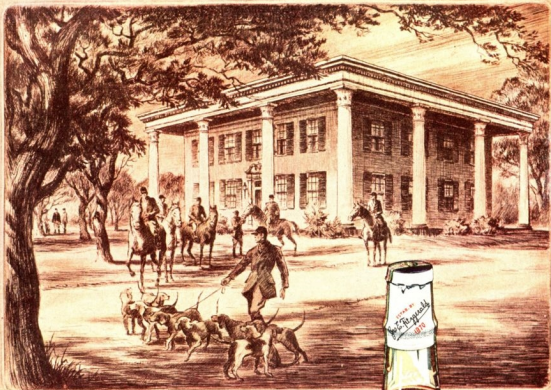
PUBLIC FAVORITES (Nos. 34 & 35)

AUGUSTE Renoir is never likely to rank with history's greatest artists. Such masters as Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Goya exerted their imaginations to widen the horizons of humanity, while Renoir was content merely to dazzle the eye and awaken the mind to a host of simple, sensory joys. But the fact that Renoir set his sights relatively low, and scored a bull's-eye, makes him wonderfully easy to enjoy. His happy canvas above is the public favorite at the Phillips Collection in Washington. At right is the Boston Museum of Fine Arts' public favorite, of which Museum Director George Edgell says: "No one but Renoir could have got such passion into the man's face when so much of it is hidden by a hat."

Renoir, in fact, seems in a fair way of becoming the U.S.'s most popular painter. Of the 35 public favorites in U.S. museums which *TIME* has reproduced in the past 2½ years, no less than five are Renoirs. America's own George Bellows comes second in popularity, with three favorites, Picasso, Gainsborough and El Greco tie for third place, with two each.



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MEDICINE

The Baby & the Rules

The water was boiling in the croup kettle that Irene Lingo was fixing for her five-month-old daughter, Laura Jean, when the baby kicked it over. The scalding liquid burned Laura Jean's back and one arm. Mrs. Lingo wiped her off with a towel, ran two blocks to summon her brother-in-law with his car, and in a few minutes presented the baby at the emergency room of small (112 beds) Woodlawn Hospital on Chicago's South Side.

There, Dr. Hans Jaeger (an experienced German physician not yet licensed to practice in Illinois) examined Laura Jean. He saw no sign of shock and told a nurse how to dress the burns. Then he asked Mrs. Lingo whether she had hospitalization insurance. She did not. Could she



IRENE & JOHN LINGO
She won't forget.

put up \$100 deposit? She could not. Then, said the doctor, the baby would have to go to Cook County Hospital, 10½ miles away. He was sure that she would be all right in a car, and he gave Mrs. Lingo a note to arrange for the admission.

It took well over an hour to get to County Hospital, but Laura Jean seemed no worse and was promptly admitted. Two interns and a resident pediatrician saw no evidence of shock; they changed the dressing on her burns and put her to bed. Late at night she awoke and played. But in the morning she was dead.

Last week the case of Laura Jean Lingo got a full official airing. Had she received adequate emergency treatment at Woodlawn? Medical witnesses agreed that she had. Had her life been endangered by Woodlawn's refusal to admit her? Doctors thought not. What had she died of? Dr. Jerry Kearns, coroner's physician, said he was sure she had died of the burns, but in fact nobody knew, because Coroner Walter McCarron (no physician but a politician) decided not to order an autopsy.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that death was accidental and that officials at Woodlawn Hospital had been grossly (but not criminally) negligent, because an unregistered physician treated Laura Jean and the police were not notified. Seated beside her husband John, a factory worker, Mrs. Lingo cried: "She was my only baby . . . I'll never forget this."

If Chicago's rough & tough Health Commissioner Herman Bundesen has his way, the city's 70 hospitals will not soon forget it, either. He ordered inspections to make sure that all were complying with the rules. To Chicagoans generally, the case highlighted a painfully familiar problem: the red tape that a patient must fight through to get into a hospital bed. Said one Chicago woman: "You rush to the hospital to have your baby and they keep you standing at the desk while they ask you your life's history. After all that, they inquire, 'Are you in labor?'"

Gown Joins Town

A medical frost that had long lain upon New Haven, Conn., was thawed out last week. The Yale School of Medicine, opened in 1813, and the Grace-New Haven Community Hospital, dating from 1826, decided to get together in a formal medical center. Also joining the combine will be Yale's School of Nursing, its Psychiatric Institute, Department of Public Health and its famed Child Study Center (TIME, Jan. 7, 1952).

Though school and hospital cooperated in some degree down the years, they muffed the chance to get into the forefront of medical progress by joining forces when other medical centers began to be set up (e.g., Manhattan's pace-making Columbia-Presbyterian). Yale Graduate Harvey Cushing, later one of the world's most famed neurosurgeons, refused an appointment from his alma mater in 1906 because he thought the school was in the doldrums and would not get out until it teamed up with the hospital.

Besides the obvious advantages expected from the merger (better care of patients, better facilities for training doctors and nurses), there were three which New Haven's medical top brass was too discreet to mention: 1) the center should attract wealthy patients who now go to Boston or Manhattan for major operations or treatments, 2) it will be able to treat patients with rare ailments, which medical students otherwise would never see, and 3) it should break down some of the town-v.-gown feeling which has resulted in Yale doctors' sending their patients to one unit of the hospital, while town doctors huddled in another.

The Whole Truth . . .

Should cancer victims be told the truth? Many doctors have snap answers to this question, but Otis Bowen, a general practitioner in the little Indiana town of Bremen (pop. 2,664), asked his patients what their answer would be if they

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ever got cancer. Last week Dr. Bowen was busy mailing out his findings to fellow physicians who wanted to know the patient's point of view. Among 477 patients (all white, but well divided as to age, sex, educational background and economic position), Dr. Bowen found:

¶ 96½% want to know if they have cancer.

¶ 88½% want close relatives to be told, too.

¶ 81% believe it is impossible to fool a cancer victim for long.

Main reasons for wanting the doctor to be frank: "The shock of knowing wears off quicker than the uncertainty of continual worry and wonder"; "I like to face facts as they are—not live in a false security."

Diaper Danger

All 30 of the newborn infants in a nursery at Uruguay's Pereyra Rosell Maternity Hospital in Montevideo turned blue last week. Doctors had no trouble diagnosing the mass illness as a hemoglobin disorder. But finding the cause was another matter. Meanwhile, as 15 of the babies seemed near death, every oxygen tent in the city was ordered to the hospital, and each infant's blood was completely changed by transfusion.

At week's end, all were pronounced out of danger, and pediatricians found the cause of the outbreak. It carried a sharp warning for hospital nurseries everywhere. New diapers had been stamped with the hospital's name, and aniline oil from the ink had seeped through the skin into the babies' blood. A simple preventive: boil the diapers thoroughly, to get rid of excess oil, before using.

Capsules

¶ Doctors and hospital authorities should print leaflets telling parents what they in turn should tell children who are to be admitted for operations, said the A.M.A. *Journal*. A simple, forthright explanation to the child—of the operation itself, of the anesthetic, and of what all those white-garbed people are up to—will help to save the youngster from panic. ¶ Mrs. Heliodore Cyr, 42, wife of a New Brunswick farmer, gave birth, in Fort Kent, Me., to an 8-lb. girl, her 23th child (18 now living), and her first delivered in a hospital.

¶ Blaming food allergies for assorted ills has gone too far, suggested Allergist Samuel M. Feinberg of Chicago. The allergy victim is as subject to other ailments as anybody else, and these may be neglected if he rashly concludes that all his troubles are allergic in origin.

¶ "Unjustifiable surgery goes on in many parts of the country and we run into it every day," said Dr. Paul R. Hawley, executive director of the American College of Surgeons. "When surgery was dangerous and was mainly a lifesaving measure, there wasn't much chance of this. But now that surgery is so safe, there is too much. Some of these operations are performed because of bad judgment, and some for mercenary reasons."

SCIENCE

Pressure-Jet Convertiplane

Both military and civilian aircraft users have long demanded a helicopter-airplane hybrid: a "convertiplane" that can take off vertically like a helicopter and fly as fast and as economically as an airplane. Many designs have been tested, but none with notable success.

Last week McDonnell Aircraft Corp. showed its XV-1 convertiplane, a joint Army-Air Force project designed to sidestep many of the difficulties. On take-off, the engine blows air through the hollow blades of the rotor. When it reaches the tips, the air makes fuel burn in small "pressure jets." Their thrust spins the rotor and lifts the ship off the ground. Then air and fuel are cut off, and the rotor idles freely while a pusher propeller flies the convertiplane like an ordinary airplane.

McDonnell has not yet tested the XV-1,



McDONNELL XV-1
For a hybrid, high hopes.

but it hopes for high performance. The self-powered rotor acts like an auxiliary engine, so the main engine need not be large. No tail spinner is necessary; there is no torque for it to overcome. The wings, not needed for take-off, are half the size of conventional wings.

Element 99

According to the *Physical Review*, a group of scientists at the University of California (Albert Ghiorso, G. Bernard Rossi, Bernard G. Harvey and Stanley G. Thompson) have created Element 99, the heaviest so far. They did it by bombarding Uranium 238 (Element 92) with a beam of positively charged nitrogen atoms from a 60-inch cyclotron. The nitrogen atoms contained seven protons and seven neutrons, and when they collided with U-238, all except five of the neutrons joined its nucleus. The seven added protons raised the atomic number to 99, and the added neutrons and protons together raised its atomic weight to 247.

Element 99 is not long-lived; half of it disintegrates in 7.3 minutes. It is not plentiful. Only 40 atoms of it were identified. Their total weight: less than six hundred-trillion-trillionths of an ounce.

The work was done under the Atomic Energy Commission, which is pushing similar work with beams of nitrogen and other large nuclei in many parts of the U.S. The AEC's long-range interest can be guessed at. When a nitrogen atom can be made to hit U-238, not normally considered fissionable, it almost always causes fission. When it forms Element 99, it liberates five free neutrons, and these are capable of causing fission too. AEC may be feeling for a new method of releasing atomic energy from difficult U-238.

At Home on the Moon

No man has yet landed on the moon, and none is likely to for a long time. This dull fact does not keep interplanetary enthusiasts from planning what they will do when they get there. In the *Journal of the British Interplanetary Society*, Draftsman Paul L. Sowerby solemnly furrows his brow about lunar construction meth-

ods. In this small field alone[®] he finds enough practical difficulties to make the glittering lunar cities of the space romancers look like hashish visions.

Lunar building contractors, Sowerby concedes, would have to cope with odd conditions. Surveyors, wearing space suits, might have trouble looking through their instruments. He suggests that the eye-piece of their transits and levels be built

* Even if space flight is mastered, the logistics of earth-moon transport are not encouraging. According to the calculations of one optimistic authority, Dr. Wernher von Braun, more than 2,000 lbs. of fuel must be burned to land each pound of cargo on the moon. If half the fuel is hydrazine, at \$2.30 a lb., the fuel cost alone of transporting a 10-ton machine to the moon would be more than \$50 million. The space vehicles themselves would add even more to the cost.

Many such machines would be needed. To survive at all, pioneers on the hostile moon would have to carry with them the earth's highest technology: including a bountiful energy source, repair facilities, a well-equipped hospital, a great array of tools and scientific instruments. Air, food and water would have to be brought from the earth. Most of the lunar city's structure and all of its supplies and equipment would cost, delivered on the moon, at least ten times as much as gold.

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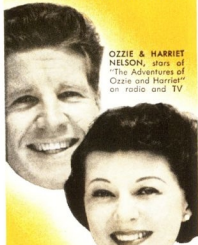
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Allan Grant—LIFE

LUNAR EXPLORERS IN THE MOVIE "DESTINATION MOON"
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into their helmets. When used in shadows, leveling staffs would have to carry their own lights, because shadows on the moon are pitch black.

Underground City. Such difficulties are minor. The moon has feeble gravitation, which would be a help in moving from place to place, but the lack of atmosphere presents a problem to both architect and builder. Sowerby does not favor the large pressurized domes above the surface that are so popular with space illustrators. In the vacuum on the moon, the upward pressure of their interior atmospheres would be enormous. A domed "tent" only 10 ft. in diameter would pull against its moorings with a force of 50 tons. If big enough (100 ft. across) to hold a fair-sized habitation, its upward pull would be 5,000 tons, and its structure would have to be heavy. Domes, Sowerby thinks, should be kept small, and the bulk of the city should be underground, to stay put.

First step of the lunar pioneers should be to look for natural caves or volcanic shafts that could be filled with imported air and made habitable. If such caves are lacking, a good place to found a city would be the "Straight Wall," a vertical cliff 500 ft. high to the lunar north of Tycho crater. Tunnels could be cut into its face more easily than they could be sunk from the surface. They should run about 50 or 60 ft. below the ground. At this depth their atmosphere, exerting an upward pressure of 1.440 lbs. per sq. ft., would balance the weight of the rock overhead. Props would not be necessary.

Cement would be needed in large amounts, and it would be advantageous not to have to bring it from the earth. If the moon has rocks containing the equivalent of lime and clay, cement might conceivably be made from them. There is a chance, Sowerby thinks, that the fierce heat of the unshielded sunlight may have disintegrated lunar rocks into ready-powdered oxides. This should simplify concrete-making in one small detail.

Silvered Homes. All surface structures, of course, would have to be protected from the terrible heat and cold of the lunar day & night. They should be covered with some reflecting metal. Exterior domes might be of steel, plated with silver, or better yet, of glass cloth, sealed with plastic inside and sprayed with silver outside. Even if small, they would have to be anchored strongly, and the expansion caused by heat and cold would probably rock their anchor bolts loose.

Concludes Sowerby: "The possibility of extensive surface construction, as portrayed frequently in imaginative drawings, is exceedingly remote."

Noise Destroyer

People bothered by noise may get some relief through electronics. In the *Journal* of the Acoustical Society of America, Harry F. Olson and Everett G. May of Radio Corporation of America tell about a gadget that reaches out to kill sound waves before they hit the ear.

Olson and May connected an extra-sensitive microphone to an amplifier and a loudspeaker, which they placed directly behind the microphone. When a sound wave hits the microphone, the loudspeaker reacts in such a way that it increases or reduces the air pressure in its vicinity just enough to cancel out the sound wave. The result is a small "quiet zone" near the microphone.

For a distance of two feet, it reduces to one-quarter the loudness of deep-toned noise. The effect is like shutting a door against the noise. Closer to the microphone, the silencing effect is much stronger. Olson believes that a sound killer could be built that would use only one watt of current. It would be small enough to hang over the head of a sleeper to protect him from sleep-destroying noises. Another use: making conversation easy in an airplane. The deep roar of the engines would be reduced, while the higher tones of the human voice would not be affected as much.

MUSIC

Christmas Dream

The orchestra launched into the tuneful old Tchaikovsky score, the curtain rose on a well-stuffed parlor, and for the next two hours Manhattan ballet fans lost themselves in George Balanchine's newest ballet, a full-length re-creation of *The Nutcracker*. It was one of the most cheerful evenings of make-believe the ballet had seen in years.

The scene was an old-fashioned Christmas party, decked out with a tall tree, stacks of packages wrapped in red ribbon—and twelve children (from Balanchine's School of American Ballet) tumbling about the stage in colorfully costumed tumult. Then, when the last guest had gone, and Clara, the little daughter of the house, had sunk into a Christmas night dream, the grownups took over. In Act II came the company's stars, one after the other, to dance through Clara's dream. Among them were Maria Tallchief as the Sugar Plum Fairy, Nicholas Magallanes as her Cavalier, and Tanaquil LeClerc as the Dewdrop (*Waltz of the Flowers*); Francisco Moncion undulated through an antic *Arabian Dance*.

Balanchine had also stuffed his show with property magic. As Clara watched through dreaming eyes, the family Christmas tree began to grow onstage, heaving itself up out of the floor branch by bigger branch until its top disappeared in the flies. The window of the room broadened and heightened until the scene passed through it, outdoors into a snow-smothered pine forest, and a realistic blizzard of white confetti blew on the *Snowflake Waltz*. When the curtain fell, first-nighters broke into happy, rousing applause. After a dozen curtain calls for the cast, Choreographer Balanchine came out for a



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slightly embarrassed bow himself: he had
not bothered to wear a necktie that night.

It was the most ambitious effort in the
New York City troupe's history. For set-
tings, it called in Metropolitan Opera De-
signer Horace Armistead, for costumes,
Broadway's Karinska, and the company's
own Jean Rosenthal for production and
lighting. Between them, they staged as
eye-filling a spectacle as ever blossomed
on Broadway.

Nutcracker cracked the New York com-
pany for a stout \$80,000, but by week's
end it seemed certain to pay off: the pub-
lic had bought out all announced per-
formances. Perhaps the only dissenting
voice was raised by Dance Critic John
Martin of the *Times*, who pointed out
that *Nutcracker* has too little formal dancing
and not even much plot, advised fel-
low purists, unless bringing children, to
skip the first act.

"Dance Like a Man"

Vicente Escudero, 60-odd, all but forgot-
ten as the past master of the Spanish
gypsy dance, sat in his room in Madrid
reading a letter from France. "You have
been the eagle of the dance," it said, "and
it is not indecorous for you to become the
emperor of instruction." It ended with an
invitation to head a dance academy at
Paris' famed Salle Pleyel. Escudero ac-
cepted, but Old Dancer Escudero, a man
who never bothered to count his money,
had no cash to make the trip.

So it befell last week that Vicente
Escudero danced again—in a farewell to
his home town of Valladolid, with all
the proceeds to go into a purse to send
him to Paris in style. The news drew
Escudero aficionados from as far as Ma-
drid, who drove over the snow-filled moun-
tain pass to the onetime capital of Old
Castile to watch him once more.

They first saw him silhouetted against
a plain grey background on a bare stage,
an amazingly lean and youthful figure in
tight pants and short jacket, his arms
raised in the gypsy dancer's graceful but
virile pose. For seven minutes, accom-
panied only by the rhythmic snapping of
his fingernails, he stamped and whirled
through the old dances, ending with the
crescendo stamping of the flamenco Za-
pateado. At the finish, Escudero stood
motionless, his face white and pinched
by the effort, as spectators jumped to
their feet, applauding wildly. From the
gallery, a voice hoarse with emotion
shouted: "Vicente, esto es!" (Vicente,
that's it!).

Times Change. It was Escudero's last
tribute to the town where he was born
and where he danced his first carefree
steps on the cobblestone streets. His fa-
ther got him a job in a printing shop, but
the ten-year-old Vicente was more fas-
cinated by the presses' rhythm than by
their operation, soon took to skipping off
to dance on the outskirts of town. Even-
tually he ran away. At 15 he got to
Granada, lived with gypsies for four years
and learned all the old dances in their
pure forms. Then he took off for a famed
vagabond tour throughout Europe, from

the cabarets of Paris to the coffeehouses of Istanbul.

The great Pavlova invited him to join her on a U.S. tour; when she died unexpectedly, Escudero made a triumphal trip alone. Glory and wealth poured in. But when World War II closed the frontiers of Europe, he went back to Spain to find that times had changed; the popularity of pure flamenco was waning, and younger dancers were experimenting with the continental ballet style. Escudero scraped together what was left of his fabled earnings and formed his own company, but changing tastes and the indifference of impresarios forced him to close after a few performances.

Flowers Freeze. Lonely and embittered, he took to haunting Madrid's dingier coffeehouses. He gave a few lessons. Much of the rest of his time he spent writing pamphlets attacking modern dance. "The



Paul M. Pietsch—Black Star
Escudero (1954)
The old eagle came back.

art of genuine flamenco is lost," he says. "Nowadays, male dancers look like grasshoppers or ballerinas." His rules: "Remain still . . . Do not wiggle the hips . . . Dance like a man."

Then came the letter from Paris. After his last bow to the farewell audience in Valladolid last week, Escudero put on his black cape and walked out of the theater, into one of the coldest nights Valladolid recalls. There, awaiting him, stood a shivering crowd, anxious to cheer him once more. Youngsters called for his autograph. A woman's voice rose above the rest. "¡Vicente!" she cried. "Our flowers are frozen, but we offer you our hearts." Vicente Escudero's face lit up with happiness. "It's like old times," he said. "I had forgotten. Thank you."

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Then the House Burned

Radio & TV's *Strike It Rich* long ago discovered that one of the most marketable commodities on the air is human misery. A dreary succession of the ill and indigent have sobbed out their problems ("... and then my husband died and then the house burned down...") and been suitably rewarded with jackpots of soapflakes and refrigerators. There was also a Heart Line, which enabled viewers to call up Master of Ceremonies Warren Hull and promise financial help to the weeping contestants.

Last week *Strike It Rich* got some grief of its own. Henry L. McCarthy, New York City's Commissioner of Welfare, ruled that the show needs a city license



PRODUCER FRAMER
No soap for sorrow?

as a welfare agency because of its "public solicitation of money," and ordered an examination of *Strike It Rich*'s books and records. McCarthy also fired a blast at the show for luring to Manhattan a swarm of unfortunates who, failing to get on the program, must then apply for public relief. Meanwhile, Travelers Aid denounced the show as a "headache" and reported that the society received as many as five appeals a day from frustrated contestants whose woes were not dramatic enough to get them on the show. Said Travelers Aid's Elizabeth Robinson: "These people, in almost all cases, are without funds, physically ill, sometimes crippled, and often frightened and confused by the bigness of New York."

Strike It Rich's producer Walter Framer replied by registering "surprise" that "we are being subjected to an attack for helping people who deserve help." His pressagent, Sydney DuBroff, indicated that the show would fight the proposed

licensing and stated that "we have courts for the adjudication of such problems." Sponsor Colgate-Palmolive Co. announced that it had checked Framer's books and records and "found everything in order," but was, nevertheless, asking for another audit immediately. NBC, which carries *Strike It Rich* on radio, and CBS, which carries it on TV, assured newsmen that they were busy "investigating."

Just before the dust began flying in Manhattan, a decision about the future of *Strike It Rich* and all other giveaway shows was argued in Washington. Before the Supreme Court, the Federal Communications Commission urged that such shows should be banned from the air as violators of the federal anti-lottery laws. Justice Felix Frankfurter observed that, in his opinion, many people listened to these shows because of "vacuity of mind." The broadcasters dissented, and the Supreme Court took the entire matter under advisement.

The Charm Boys

Each weekday, from early morning until sunset, television turns loose an avalanche of masculine charm that would overwhelm any audience less hardy than U.S. housewives. TV's charm boys range from such veteran network stars as Arthur Godfrey to such local Lotharios as The Continental, who lounges about in a silken robe, sipping champagne at midday, breathing love poems and casting hot-eyed glances calculated to burn right through TV screens.

Folksy & Sincere, Godfrey, of course, is the unquestioned king of TV's matinee idols. Last week, telecasting from Florida, he sat on a Miami beach with the Atlantic rollers surging behind him, while his cast shivered in Manhattan. Using the split-screen technique, Godfrey chatted with each member of his team and listened approvingly while they told him how wonderful he was. Arthur operates on the disarming assumption that every viewer is at least as absorbed in Godfrey as he is, and he spends much of his 90-minute show in discussing such items as his own weight, what he ate for dinner, what he did before the broadcast, what he expects to do after it.

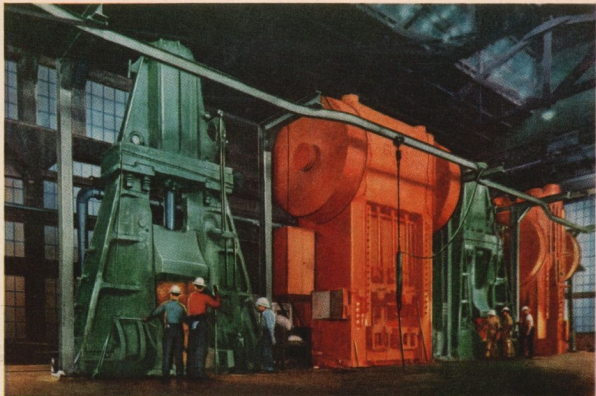
In varying degrees, most of the other charm boys pattern themselves after Godfrey. His most faithful imitator (and occasional stand-in for Godfrey) is CBS's Robert Q. Lewis, 32, a slick-haired man who wears sharp suits and horn-rimmed glasses. His cast, like Godfrey's, sits at one side of the stage. In the Godfrey manner, Lewis chuckles interminably at his own gags, and talks heedlessly until he is cut off the air by the station break. But Robert Q. is not too proud to imitate other stars. A day after Charm Boy Garry Moore had a bucket of water dumped on his songstress Denise Lor while she was warbling *Stormy Weather*, Lewis dumped a bucket of simulated snow in the face of

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his songstress Jaye P. Morgan while she sang *Let It Snow!*

All the charm boys labor hard to achieve a mysterious TV ingredient known in the trade as "sincerity." Crew-cut Garry Moore gets his by half-closing his right eye and crossing his fists in front of his chest; for emphasis he uses the wagging forefinger and the forward head bob. Du Mont's Paul Dixon strikes the folksy note by chewing gum, rubbing his nose and garbling his syntax. Bob Crosby is a hands-in-pockets man, but he also shoots his eyebrows, ducks his head winningly and rocks on heel and toe. His cast struggles to be homespun, and his young singer, Allan Copeland, is loaded with boyish humility.

Candy-Coated Chuckle. Many of the boys prop up their fan appeal with wholesale giveaway of wristwatches, electric blankets, home freezers and sports shirts. Standouts in this field are Art Linkletter and his *House Party*, *Welcome Travelers'* Tommy Bartlett (noted as the possessor of the "candy-coated chuckle"), and Johnny Dugan of *Breakfast in Hollywood*, which last week was dropped from TV because of lack of sponsors.

There is some indication that the nation's housewives have had just about enough TV daytime charm. Only CBS's Godfrey and NBC's Tommy Bartlett are in the current Nielsen list of Top Ten daytime shows; Art Linkletter and Garry Moore have not quite made it, and all the others are far down in the ratings. But TVmen are persistent. ABC announced that Veteran Charm Boy Don McNeill will bring his *Breakfast Club* back to TV for a second try at providing "clean, sparkling, heart-warming fun and entertainment every weekday morning..."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 12. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Lincoln Day Dinner (Fri. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Defense Secretary Charles Wilson.

Peter Lind Hayes Show (Sat. 1:30 p.m., CBS). With Mary Healy.

Boy Scout Jamboree (Sat. 1:30 p.m., NBC). With Bob Hope, Dinah Shore, Gordon MacRae.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Die Walküre*, with Thebom, Harshaw, Frantz, Svanholm.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Richard Strauss.

Star Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Glenn Ford in *The Lost Weekend*.

TELEVISION

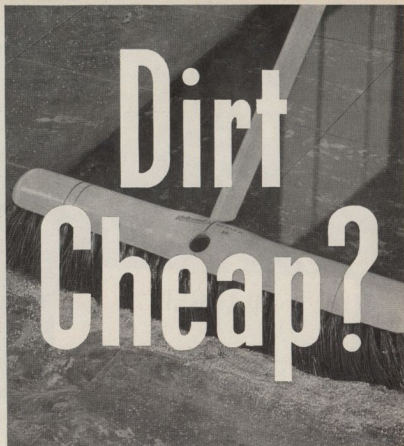
Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Interview with Adlai Stevenson.

NBC Opera Theater (Sat. 4 p.m., NBC). Acts III and IV of *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). The Kabuki dancers from Japan.

Goodyear TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Judy Holliday in *The Huntress*.

Bob Hope Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Nelson Eddy, Gloria De Haven.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

New Market Peak

After rising almost steadily for four weeks, the stock market last week broke through the postwar bull-market high. The Dow-Jones industrials average hit 294.03, highest point since April 17, 1930. Railroad stocks, along with oils, were among the leaders. Even motors, long the ugly ducklings of the list, were beginning to show a few swanlike pin feathers.

There was reason for such optimism. The slump in used-car demand, which had pulled down new-car sales, had reversed itself. And new-car sales, after a slow start early last month, were also picking up. Ford Motor Co. reported that its January sales of 140,633 cars and trucks were highest in history for the month, up 16% from a year ago.

Overall, the Federal Reserve Board announced that industrial production had a "slight further decline" in January, after dipping in December to a level about 7% under last summer's record peak. Truck-makers were scheduling a cut of 10% to 15% in first-quarter production, and Chevrolet was trimming back its output slightly. Nash announced price cuts in its cars ranging from \$20 to \$210, the larger cuts resulting mostly from eliminating radios, heaters, etc. But in Atlanta, where 750 of the 1,370 employees at a Chevrolet plant were put on a four-day week. Cadillac buyers were told they would have to wait two months for the most expensive models, longer for lower-priced Cadillacs. Another optimistic note: Construction in January hit \$2.4 billion—up 3% from a year ago. And a Dun & Bradstreet survey of 1,315 top executives showed that 46% expected second-quarter business to be better than a year ago, 32% expected no change. Only 22% looked for a drop.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Comeback in the West

(See Cover)

In New Delhi last week, Indian government officials pored over plans for a \$150 million steel mill. Both Britons and Americans had wanted to build it, but lost out in the bidding. The winner: a group headed by Germany's famed old munitions maker, Krupp. In the busy Brazilian cities of Rio and São Paulo, bars were crowded with German businessmen speaking painfully correct Portuguese, while not far away another huge steel plant was being built by Germans. In Mexico, University City bustled with preparations for Germany's first big Latin American trade exposition since the war, to be opened next month by leading Ruhr industrialists. Around the world, wherever there was a sale to be made, similar events reflected the postwar world's No. 1 economic phenomenon: though pulverized by the armies of East and West a short nine years ago, West Germany today is out to conquer the conquerors in the field of trade.

Some of the conquerors themselves are alarmed at the trend. U.S. businessmen, who have found themselves undersold in foreign markets by 40% or more on such items as X-ray equipment and cement-making machinery, are getting out their storm warnings. Some British firms are so worried that they are already bluntly reminding their customers that the Germans who today are winning export business away from the British are the same ones who yesterday made the V-2s that bombed London. Headlined Lord Beaverbrook's London *Daily Express*: THEY'LL BEAT YOU YET, THESE GERMANS.

Vital Ingredient. West Germany throbs with its fabulous recovery while the East Germans under Soviet rule are on the brink of starvation. In Düsseldorf, Mu-

nich and other cities, where only a few years ago the ragged populace scabbled through the rubble in desperate search for a single potato, rebuilt hotels teem with prosperous travelers, and the air is filled with shop talk and cigar smoke. In the Ruhr, bomb-shattered steel mills glow once more through the long winter nights. Germans who were once glad to sell their prized possessions for a few packs of cigarettes now have one of Europe's strongest currencies in their pockets. Shops are loaded with consumer goods and crowded with substantial-looking buyers. In the port of Bremerhaven, once severely damaged by bombers, the luxury liner *Grips-holm*, recently leased from Sweden, set sail last week for the U.S. on the first transatlantic voyage of a German-flag passenger ship since the war.

Germany's rebirth is the kind of economic miracle Americans can understand. At a time when other European nations were leaning towards socialism, Germany plumped for free enterprise. Its chief ingredient: hard work. "Other people," says an old German saw, "work to live. The German lives to work." It was Germany's cigar-smoking Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard who gave that national characteristic a free hand. A massive 57-year-old economics professor from the University of Munich, Erhard had for years preached the theme: "Turn the people and the money loose, and they will make the country strong." As a result, the free world is now blessed, on the one hand, by its strongest European bulwark against Communism—and confronted, on the other, with a new trade competitor who has come up so fast that nobody knows quite what to do about it.

The People's Car. Nowhere is the resurgence of German men and machines more evident than in Germany's No. 1 auto company, Volkswagenwerk GMBH,



Walter Sanders—Life

VOLKSWAGEN PLANT IN WOLFSBURG

From the brink of starvation to the conquest of the conquerors.

TIME CLOCK

and its boss, Heinz Nordhoff, 55, a compact (5 ft. 10½ in., 165 lbs.) man with the steady eyes of a production whiz and the courtly manners of a diplomat. Six years ago, both Nordhoff and Volkswagen were part of the wreckage as Germany itself lay in the gutter of the world.

The Volkswagen plant in the little North German town of Wolfsburg, about 100 miles west of Berlin, had been built by Hitler to turn out "people's cars" for the 1,000-year Third Reich. In World War II it was 60% destroyed by Allied bombs. Rain slashed through the holes in its roof after V-E day while a motley crew of 8,000 refugees and former soldiers grubbed about in the ruins. Half were cleaning up rubble; the others were virtually hand-tooling a few vehicles for the British occupation army. Falling bricks were a constant menace; live wires lay tangled in the mess. The British occupiers offered the remains of the equipment to British automakers and other businessmen of the Commonwealth. They all turned it down. Says Heinz Nordhoff: "Volkswagen didn't even smell good enough for the Russians," whose occupation zone begins only ten miles away.

Nordhoff looked little better than the plant. A lifelong automaker, he had risen to the top in General Motors' German subsidiary, Adam Opel, A.G., and bossed its big truck plant during the war. At war's end, he had lost his job, his money and most of his belongings. Gaunt and hungry, Nordhoff scraped along for two years on handouts from friends; because he had been a top executive, he was forbidden to work in the U.S. zone at anything except manual labor—and even such jobs were not to be had. But the British asked him to boss Volkswagen in their zone.

Still a G.M. man at heart, Nordhoff was scornful of Volkswagen and the shattered Hitlerian dream it represented. Says he: "I wanted nothing to do with that cheap competition." The British were insistent; they wanted him to take over the plant to provide employment for the depressed Wolfsburg area and produce vehicles for their army. Pressed by the hard facts of occupation life, Nordhoff agreed. Said he: "The future begins when you cut every tie with the lost past."

The Model T. If the British could have foreseen how Nordhoff would drive their own cars off the export markets, they might never have given him the job. By last week, Volkswagen estimated it was the fourth biggest automaker in the world, led only by the U.S. Big Three. Even competitors conceded that Nordhoff was probably the best automaker in Europe.

Last year Nordhoff's 20,000 employees turned out 180,000 buglike Volkswagens at the rate of one every 80 seconds, sent them beeping into the markets of 83 foreign countries. The two-door, four-passenger Volkswagen (sedan, convertible and sun-roof), powered by a four-cylinder (30-h.p.), air-cooled engine in the rear,

THE "Billion Dollar Club" got a new corporate member last week. Union Carbide and Carbon Corp., whose 1953 gross soared to \$1,025,833,041, up 7% over 1952, became the 33rd U.S. corporation to rack up sales of more than \$1 billion. One reason for the rise: Union Carbide's rapid expansion in the production of plastics.

NYLON stockings will soon be sheerer. Karl Lieberknecht, Inc. of Reading, Pa., one of the top knitting-machine makers, is producing a new 75-gauge knitter (current highest: 72 gauge) that will turn out the sheerest stockings ever made from 12-denier nylon staple.

A battle for control of the New Haven Railroad at the annual meeting April 14 is shaping up. Seven directors who refused last week to run on the management's slate for re-election will run on an opposition ticket. (Four had been put on the board last year to avoid a similar wrangle.) Principal contestants: President Frederic C. Damaine Jr., who favors building up the road by plowing back earnings, and Manhattan Securities Dealer Patrick B. McGinnis, who wants accumulated preferred dividends paid up and common dividends renewed.

GRAIN storage space, short all ready, is expected to be so scarce when this year's crops are harvested that it may turn into as big a political problem as it was in 1948. Since farmers must store grain in Government-approved places to get crop loans, the Agriculture Department has been lining up unused airplane hangars, Army barracks, even deserted movie houses, to use in a pinch.

PACKARD entered the experimental plastic sports-car parade with the three-passenger "Panther," powered by a 212-h.p. straight-eight engine.

STEAK prices will go higher this year, meatmen predict, because drought and high feed prices caused

many ranchers to reduce herds last year. Beef prices should hit a peak about 5% below last year's high by late July or August, remain there through next winter.

JAPAN Air Lines opened a twice-weekly trans-Pacific service, flying DC-6Bs piloted by Americans. The airline hopes to get a fat slice of travel business now split largely between Pan American and Northwest Airlines. By the summer of 1955, J.A.L. hopes to halve San Francisco-Tokyo running time to 15 hours by using Comet II's, plans to start a new Tokyo-to-London jet service across Asia.

THE Red-bossed Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers Union, expelled from the C.I.O. in 1950, is in a losing fight to hang on to its members. Following the lead of Butte miners, 230 members of a predominantly Negro local at Republic Steel's Edwards Mine in Alabama voted to quit the union; they want to join the catch-all District 50 of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers.

AMERICAN Woolen Co.'s plan to retire its preferred stock (TWS, Feb. 8) and sell eleven Northern mills was voted at a special shareholders' meeting. Nevertheless, dissatisfied stockholders, still trying to block the proposal, got a preliminary injunction against retiring one issue of preferred this week, plan a proxy fight at the annual meeting next month.

SHIPPING Mogul Aristotle S. Onassis TIME, Jan. 19, 1953) and former Massachusetts Democratic Congressman Joseph E. Casey are among nine individuals and six corporations indicted on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in multimillion-dollar deals to buy surplus U.S. ships after the war. The Government charge: the ships were bought for foreign owners through the use of U.S. corporations whose control was misrepresented, in violation of U.S. law forbidding sale of U.S. ships to aliens.

has been a fast seller in almost every market it has invaded.* Peppy (top speed: 68) and economical (32 miles to the U.S. gallon), the Volkswagen has become the postwar model T. It outsells all other cars in five European nations, and is so popular that stiff import restrictions have been slapped on it by Belgium, France and Italy. On the *Autobahnen* of Germany, nearly one out of every two cars is a Volkswagen. In restriction-free Switzerland, Volkswagen sales lead all other

* And its rear engine the butt of many a joke. Sample *First American*, looking under the hood of his stalled Volkswagen: "No wonder it won't run. I must have lost my engine." *Second American*, approaching from his own Volkswagen: "Don't worry; you're lucky. I just looked in the trunk compartment, and they've given me a spare."

makes, including American, by a wide margin. For the U.S. market, Volkswagen Boss Nordhoff knows that his car is too small and relatively too expensive (\$1,500), except for two-car families; nevertheless, he hopes to triple his U.S. sales to around 4,000 this year. Says he: "Some years ago, British and French manufacturers said we didn't have a chance. Today, Morris and Renault are making 400 cars a day and we are making 750."

But Heinz Nordhoff is not yet satisfied. Last week, just before taking off on a trip to the Far East to check on car sales in India, Indonesia, Siam and Ceylon, Nordhoff made a last-minute inspection of Volkswagen's third production line at Wolfsburg, now coming into production. It will boost output from 750 to 1,000 cars a day. On top of that, a new dis-



Walter Sanders—Life

VOLKSWAGEN'S 1954 MODELS
After a death rattle, a postwar model T.

tributor-owned assembly plant in Belgium (needed because of import restrictions) this week started up. And Australia, which last week got its first Volkswagen—the 200,000th exported since 1947—will soon have an assembly plant of its own, with an ultimate capacity of 1,000 cars a month.

Stiff Shock. How was the Volkswagen miracle performed? When Heinz Nordhoff took over in January 1948, he moved a cot into one of the plant's drafty, rat-ridden offices and started on a seven-day week with only a few hours off for sleep. Believing that "labor and management must be unified into one big group that depends on the same success," Nordhoff called a meeting of his shabby work force. "I'm afraid I gave them a stiff shock," says he. "I told them their working methods and production were miserable. It was taking us 400 man-hours to produce one car. I told them we would cut this to 100 hours. They laughed at me. But today we do that."

Because of his years of American training in G.M.'s Opel, Nordhoff did not wear the pompous, punctilious air of German industry's traditional *Herr Generaldirektor*. He spent hours on the production line, talking to workers and explaining what he was trying to do. When he arrived, only 700 cars a month were being built, and nobody had the faintest idea how much they actually cost. Nordhoff installed a rigid cost-accounting system.

Progress was slow at first. To get men, he had to build 4,000 housing units. To keep them, he gave them an extra meal a day, over and above their meager rations. He cannibalized damaged machines, rounded up 1,612 gear cutters, milling machines, and other tools that had been taken out during the war and stowed in nearby farm buildings. Then he turned to the Volkswagen itself. It was, said he, "a poor thing, cheap, ugly and inefficient." Its engine had a life of only 10,000 miles and a noisy death rattle from birth. Its brakes and springing were bad, its power low.

Austerity Must Go. Actually, only 210 of Hitler's Volkswagens, designed by Ferdinand Porsche, were made before the plant

was converted to making German army jeeps and other war gear.* Nordhoff put his designers to revamping the old Volkswagen, had some of the original Porsche designs redrawn ten times. The engine was made quieter, its life was boosted and horsepower was raised from 25 to 30. Hydraulic brakes and shock absorbers were installed. "The most important job," says Nordhoff, "was to take the car out of the atmosphere of austerity. People said, 'We like it technically, but we can't afford to be seen in it.' Austerity touches neither the heart nor the pocketbook." ("This view has since been borne out by the fact that 80% of Volkswagen's German customers prefer to pay an extra \$300 for the better-looking, better-engineered deluxe export model rather than buy the stripped-down standard version for \$1,038.")

Pressure Vacuum. To boost output, Nordhoff started what he calls pressure-vacuum production. Under this system, he keeps materials flowing heavily into his plant, insists on immediate delivery of cars to customers. The combination of large stocks of materials on the inside and no reserve of cars on the outside, says Nordhoff, exerts a psychological pressure on workers to produce faster. In six months, production almost tripled, to 1,800 cars a month; by mid-1949, Nordhoff had so much faith in his product that he arbitrarily ordered production doubled. Says a Volkswagen executive: "Nordhoff is a gambler. But he's the kind of gambler who sees to it that before he puts his money down, he has long odds in his favor."

Nordhoff missed no trick to make his odds still better. He set up Volkswagen assembly lines in Ireland, South Africa and Brazil, lined up sales and service stations throughout Europe with a fixed-price system of repairs. For dealers, he put out a sales manual with such hints as: "Treat the customer's car like a raw egg when he is around; also check his credit rating . . ." The manual identifies 41 vari-

* Designer Porsche, who later went on to found his own company at Stuttgart, died in 1950. His son now runs the company, turns out an annual 1,920 handmade Porsche cars (mostly sports cars) at prices from \$2,400 to \$3,300.

eties of potential Volkswagen customers, including absentminded professors. "You can sell even a bully a Volkswagen," it says, "but above all, don't incite him." To customers who are able to drive their Volkswagens 62,000 miles with no major repairs, Nordhoff offers gold-plated watches (28,000 have been handed out to date).

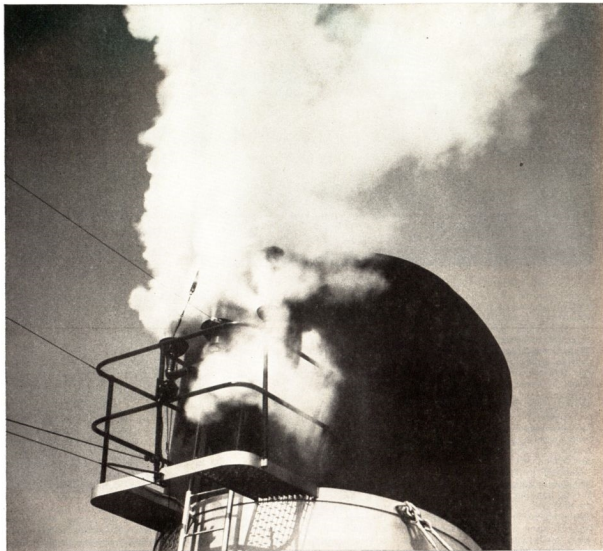
As Volkswagen's fame grew (half a dozen independent magazines are now published for Volkswagen owners), so did its versatility. Dutch farmers figured out a way to run their milking machines with the car's little engine; a German company used it to power speedboats. Heinz Nordhoff himself started to diversify, and added truck, bus, station-wagon and ambulance lines. He also planned a larger car, but junked it when he realized that much of Volkswagen's popularity stems from the fact that its model does not change annually, hence has a high resale value. Says Nordhoff: "This doesn't mean we're going to make Henry Ford's mistake with the model T. We will keep altering and improving the present model, making it better and more attractive. When the time comes for a completely new model, we will have one."

Skin & Hair. As long as Heinz Nordhoff is running the show, that is a safe bet. An engineer-salesman who combines the drive (and fluent English) of an American with the perseverance of a German, Nordhoff is sparked by "a passion to build and sell automobiles. It has me by the skin and hair."

Born (1899) at Hildesheim in Lower Saxony, Nordhoff was the second of three sons of a small-town banker who moved his family to Berlin when his bank failed in 1910-11. Young Heinz attended a technical high school, never doubted that he would be an industrial engineer. After serving as a German private in World War I (he was shot through the knees),



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COMPANY HOUSING AT WOLFSBURG
With success, responsibility.

Nordhoff became an industrial apprentice in Germany's famed BMW auto company. He soon decided that an American company was a better place for a young automotive engineer to learn his trade. In 1929 he applied for a job at Germany's Opel auto company, which had just been bought by General Motors. He was soon confronted—and impressed—by American casualness and fast action. Appearing for an interview, Nordhoff found his prospective boss in bed with a hangover. When could Nordhoff start work? In a couple of months, said Nordhoff, said the American: "Come next week."

Nordhoff worked seven days a week (first job; writing service manuals), barely took time out for a honeymoon with his childhood sweetheart, pretty, blonde Charlotte Fassunge, whom he married in 1933. He spent his vacations working on Opel's production line, getting to know the workers and their problems, was soon making occasional trips to the U.S. to learn American sales and production methods firsthand. "Work was not a duty at Opel," he recalls. "It was a sporting event to show what you could do." In 1940 Nordhoff got the big job of running Opel's new truck factory in Brandenburg, largest in Europe—and with it the task of dealing with the Nazis. Though he turned out 3,000 to 4,000 trucks a month for the German army during the war, Nordhoff never joined the party himself.

Big Game. At Volkswagen, Nordhoff is paid modestly by U.S. standards (about \$25,000 a year). He has long since moved off his office cot and into a modern Wolfsburg house, supplied by the Volkswagen company, where his wife and two grown daughters live in a manner not much different from automakers in Detroit. He collects modern art (latest acquisition: a Renoir), serves fine wines to his guests. Up at 6:30, he drives himself to work in a Volkswagen, spends his evenings reading business correspondence and studying Volkswagen problems all over the

world. While most of his traveling is on business, Nordhoff found time last year for a safari in Africa (bag: two lions). It was also on this trip that he decided against making a big car, simply wired: "Stop all work on new project."

Nordhoff has not, since 1950, publicly reported Volkswagen earnings; but they soared from an estimated \$2,500,000 before taxes in 1948 to \$7,500,000 in 1949, and \$12,500,000 in 1953 (on sales of \$100 million). Volkswagen, however, has no stockholders to reap a reward; the company's ownership (it is now in government custody) is a mystery still to be solved by the courts.

The company was originally financed in 1938 by some 300,000 Germans, who poured \$70 million of their savings into the project in hopes of eventually owning a people's car. A band of the original subscribers are suing to get their stake back, either in cars or money, and have recently won a tentative court decision that they have a legitimate claim. Until that suit is settled, there is little hope of finally settling Volkswagen's ownership.

Nordhoff is scornful of the original subscribers' claims. Says he: "They put their money and their trust in the 1,000-year Hitler Reich. Why should they profit through this trust while others lost all they had?" Nevertheless, he has prudently put aside an estimated \$50 million against an adverse court decision.

Nordhoff is not only contemptuous of Germany's political past; like other businessmen, he is helping its economic future by discarding the old stratification of German industry, instituting closer relations between labor and management. Under Germany's "co-determination" laws, certain industries are required to have labor representatives on their boards of directors. Nordhoff carried this further by starting a profit-sharing plan, which is spreading to other companies. This growth of industrial democracy is one of the big reasons why Communism has made such lit-

tle progress among West German workers.

In West Germany's comeback, many a new name besides Nordhoff's has bobbed to the top of industry, e.g., Steelman Willy Hermann Schlieker, whose mills turned out \$12 million worth of goods last year; Wilhelmshaven's typewriter king, Joachim Wussow, who exports portables to 130 countries.

Many of the oldtimers, e.g., Krupp and Ernst Leitz (Leica cameras), are also back in business. Some units of the old I.G. Farben chemical combine, broken up after the war, are bigger than ever. And while the old cartels have been officially banned, price-fixing and trade agreements still play an important part in the German economy. A strong movement is afoot to legalize cartels again, despite the opposition of Economics Minister Erhard and the evidence of how free competition rebuilt the country.

One for Ten. West Germany's postwar comeback started haltingly, and in little ways—a bicycle repairman setting up shop again in Frankfurt, a Munich textileman unearthing a few bolts of cloth and fashioning some crude jackets for his friends and relatives. In 1946 the West German production index stood at a mere 33.7 (1936: 100); in 1947 it inched up to 43. In 1948, came the big step that revived the German will to work. The step was currency reform, ordered by the Allies and administered by Economics Minister Erhard.

Currency reform (one new mark for every ten old ones) wiped out the savings of thousands, but it ended the currency inflation that was threatening the country. It gave Germans a currency in which they could put their faith. Under the stimulus of Germany's own new money—plus the first of \$3.5 billion in Marshall Plan funds from the U.S.—the production index jumped to 76 in 1948; before mid-1950, when the Korean war boomed it still higher, production in West Germany passed the 1936 level for all of Germany and last year it reached 154%.

The Penny Pincher. To make the economy grow, Economics Minister Erhard ended rationing, removed controls, gave industry tax concessions to permit rebuilding and expansion. To spur exports, he instituted a system of tax rebates, waiving one sizable tax altogether when goods were sold directly abroad. Keeping the economy on an even keel was the job of wispy Finance Minister Fritz Schäffer, 65, a Bavarian-born lawyer who had served in various medium-level government jobs until jailed by Hitler. Schäffer pinched pennies and levied a 4% turnover tax (*i.e.*, a levy on all sales of goods at every level) which, with customs and excises, still accounts for the bulk of government receipts. He was also helped by the U.S. Army, which was pumping \$200 million a year, through its payrolls for occupation troops, into the German economy. Schäffer made sure that he got every penny he could from the G.I.s; they even had to pay the standard German dog tax on their pets. As a lesson for hoarders, Schäffer ostentatiously bought his cigarettes one at

For the Record

From an Article by
Alva W. Phelps

Chairman of the Board
The Oliver Corporation
Chicago



Alva W. Phelps, Chairman of the Board, The Oliver Corporation

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There are still many manual farm jobs which remain to be mechanized, and hydraulics may well be a part of new developments in this direction because of its simplicity, versatility, and dependability. Variable speed hydraulic drives may, because of their flexibility, offer possibilities for tractive and auxiliary drives.

Future farm machinery of a general type is likely to be more automatic in its controls; and if labor costs continue to rise, a sizable field for highly specialized farm machinery may develop. There is future as well as present opportunity for the hydraulics industry in the farm-equipment field.

As in business and industry, agriculture is continuing to mechanize and modernize for greater productivity, providing further benefits for the welfare of mankind.

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a time at Bonn's tobacco counters. Germany's labor unions also helped Schäffer fight inflation by restraining themselves in wage demands. At Volkswagen, which pays the highest wages in Germany, the hourly average is still only 51¢. Instead of suffering the kind of wild inflation that followed World War I (when the mark fell from nine to the dollar to four trillion), Germany's new currency has remained stable. Last year gross national output hit a new high of \$35 billion, 40% above the 1936 figure for all of Germany. Items:

- Chemical output up 102% over 1936.
- Electrical equipment up 238%.
- Coal up 70%.
- Shipyards are now building 633,994 gross tons, second only to Britain's.

While West Germany has had to absorb 10 million refugees and expellees, unemployment is relatively low (1,000,000 last week), and the government has hopes of creating some 250,000 new jobs this year.

Import or Perish. Since Germany is not burdened with supporting an army of its own, Finance Minister Schäffer has been able to cut taxes 15% (corporations now pay an average 60%, individuals as high as 70% of income). By the same token, Volkswagen and other companies have been free to concentrate on producing civilian goods. And since Germany is a nation that must import or perish (30-35% of its food comes from the outside), much of its production goes to foreign markets. Last year, while imports were \$3.8 billion, exports totaled \$4.4 billion, trailing only the U.S. (\$16 billion) and Britain (\$7.5 billion).

In the European Payments Union, the Germans have piled up a gold and dollar balance of \$800 million and brought on a crisis. They now want any credits older than 18 months to become repayable at once, something that EPU cannot afford. In fact, if permitted, Germany might soon be able to join the select ranks of the eleven nations* whose currency is freely convertible (i.e., can be exchanged for any other currency).

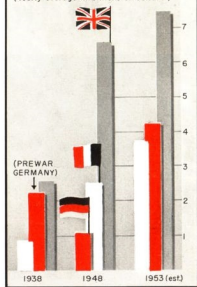
While Germany boasts the second highest rate of capital outlay in Europe (highest: Norway), it still needs more capital. It wants an airline (and has already formed a company for the purpose); it wants its own passenger ships, but cannot yet finance them. Economics Minister Erhard recently toured the U.S. to stir up some investment interest, believes that more foreign money will become available as Germany keeps proving its new industrial role (German prewar bonds were re-admitted to trading on the New York Stock Exchange in January).

Cards on the Table. How big a trade threat is the new Germany? Most American exporters are not worried yet, despite the undercutting they have met. Germany's rebound has not cut into their old markets; it has merely taken away possible new outlets.

* The U.S., Mexico, Canada, Venezuela, El Salvador, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Panama, Cuba, Honduras, Haiti.

EXPORT RISE

(Yearly average in billions of dollars)



Time Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Many a Briton says that Germany's big export gains have been caused by: 1) a lack of credit and capital in Britain, compared with Germany; 2) official German export incentives. The first argument does not stand up too well. Germany is indeed extending extra-long credit in South America and elsewhere; but the Federation of British Industries recently sent a man on a tour of Germany, found no instance where Germans were able to offer credit terms that a British firm could not match if it tried.

As for export incentives, Economics Minister Erhard admits that they exist in the form of tax concessions to exporters and are a "very questionable trading policy." Said he: "I am prepared to put my cards on the table and put a stop today, rather than tomorrow, to all export-promotion schemes, provided that our competitors adopt the same attitude."

More and more, Germany's competitors are realizing that its export success is the result of hard work, hard selling and low costs. Said the Federation of British Industries: "Our people are going to have to become more salesmen and less distributors."

New Responsibilities. Actually, Germany's phenomenal success in the export market threatens, in places, to defeat itself. Germany built up such a favorable balance of trade with Brazil, that Brazil ran short of marks and had to cut its German imports 21% last year. The problem of sharp competition is nevertheless real. One of the best ways to ease the problem would be for Germany to channel more of its production into domestic markets by raising wages. Said the U.S.'s Harold Stassen, who as Foreign Operations Administrator keeps an eye on the world's economies: "The nations with a highly favorable balance of payments should lead

the way [to] raise internal consumption, increase mutual trade, and advance the conditions of living of the peoples of the free nations."

West Germany's standard of living, while far above that of East Germany, is still about 15% below that of Britain and France. Its average industrial wage of 38.8¢ an hour is above that of France (35.3¢), but well below Britain (47¢) and far below the U.S. (\$1.78). The result is that German workers cannot afford to buy many of the goods they now produce for the rest of the world. Of Volkswagen's 20,000 employees, for example, only 412 drive the cars they make. Germany's per capita meat consumption last year was 88 lbs. v. 133.8 in France and some 90 in Britain (while rationing was still in effect). And while about 5,000,000 family housing units have been built since the war, 4,000,000 more are needed. Even in Wolfsburg, where Volkswagen has helped build many homes, an acute shortage still exists.

By working hard and doing well, the 50 million free enterprisers in West Germany have already written a lesson not only for their 17 million countrymen in East Germany but for other European nations still hobbled by all manner of production and currency controls.

With success and prosperity come responsibilities. One of West Germany's new responsibilities should be a share of the free world's arms burden. Another would be to permit more of the fruits of success to reach its own people, thus easing some of the pressure on exporters. To this end, Germany is already working on a plan to lift some import restrictions and cut taxes in order to raise purchasing power. In such ways it can insure its own future as a working capitalist democracy and reduce the threat of a trade war that might split the West in time of crisis.

CORPORATIONS

Hughes Upsets the Market

For the stockholders of his RKO Pictures Corp., Croesus-rich Howard Hughes this week had a mouth-watering surprise. Hughes, who has been trying to sell out his interest, this time offered to buy all the company's assets for \$23,489,478. The cash would be used to pay stockholders \$6 a share for the stock, which closed last week at 2½. His conditions: directors must approve the offer by Feb. 15, and a majority of stockholders other than himself must approve by March 30. Explained he: "I have been sued by certain . . . stockholders and accused of responsibility for losses . . . I would like to feel that I have given all the stockholders . . . an opportunity to receive . . . an amount well in excess of its market value . . . when I first became connected with the company, or at any time since."

The offer brought complete confusion into RKO trading on the New York Stock Exchange as the market opened this week. Some 15,000 buying orders, ranging from a few hundred to several thousand shares



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each, piled up before the opening, many of them "at the market." The first sale was held up for almost 2½ hours while orders were sorted out. Finally, a block of 200,000 shares was traded. The price: 5½.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Modie Joseph Spiegel Jr., 53, moved up from the presidency to the long-vacant (since the death of his father in 1943) job of board chairman of Spiegel, Inc., the nation's No. 3 mail-order and retail house. Spiegel, still the chief executive officer, took over the family business in 1932, when sales were only \$7,000,000 and the company was losing money, got it back on a profitable basis the following year and by last year had boosted sales to \$134 million. Replacing him as president: Robert S. Engelman, 41, who, like Spiegel, graduated from Dartmouth College ('34), joined the company that year as an assistant buyer, and worked his way through the merchandising ranks to a vice-presidency in 1949, general-merchandise manager in 1951.

¶ George Tipton Naff, 53, became president of Texas Eastern Transmission Corp., owner and operator of the Big Inch and Little Big Inch pipelines. He has been the company's executive vice president since 1948, was closely associated during most of his business life with his predecessor, R. H. Hargrove, killed in the same plane crash that took the life of Airline President Thomas Braniff (TIME, Jan. 18).

RAILROADS

Right to Work in Texas

The Santa Fe Railroad, one of the last big holdouts against the union shop, won an important round last week in its ten-month battle (TIME, Feb. 1) against 16 A.F.L. non-operating unions. In Amarillo, District Judge E. C. Nelson ruled in favor of 13 non-union Santa Fe workers who brought suit charging that proposed union-shop contracts were illegal under Texas' "right to work" act, even though they are specifically permitted by a 1951 amendment to the National Railway Labor Act. Judge Nelson handed down a permanent injunction forbidding union-shop contracts between the Santa Fe and any A.F.L. workers in Texas.

Said the judge: "The making and enforcing of a union-shop contract... would naturally and inevitably result in depriving the plaintiffs and the Santa Fe of rights guaranteed them under the Constitution..." The rights, said the judge, are those of assembly, petition and freedom of speech (the First Amendment), deprivation of property (Fifth), rights retained by the people (Ninth), and those reserved to the states (Tenth).

The ruling is sure to go beyond Texas and the Santa Fe since 13 states have similar "right to work" laws on their books. A dozen suits are pending in state courts. Nebraska and Texas courts have both ruled against the unions in the only two decided thus far.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Tony Bennett, 27, rags-to-riches jukebox baritone (*Stranger in Paradise*), and Patricia Bennett, 21: their first child, a son; in New York. Name: D'Andrea. Weight: 7 lbs.

Married. Melissa Hayden, 26, Canada-born ballerina of the Ballet Theatre; and Hugh Donald Coleman, 29, associate production stage manager for the company; in New Orleans.

Married. Joan Dulles Molden, 30, daughter of Central Intelligence Director Allen W. Dulles and niece of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles; and Eugen F. (for Ferdinand) Buresch, 38, director of the Austrian Information Service; she for the second time, he for the first; in Manhattan.

Married. José Figueres, 47, President of Costa Rica; and blonde Rita Karen Olsen, 24, Danish-born U.S. citizen; he for the second time (his first wife was also an American), she for the first; in San José, Costa Rica. In 1948, U.S.-educated Politico Figueres headed a military junta which seized control of the country and held power for 18 months; in July 1953, he was constitutionally elected President.

Married. T. S. (for Thomas Stanley) Matthews, 53, onetime (1943-53) managing editor and editor of *TIME*; and Martha Gelhorn, 45, journalist and author; both for the second time (her first husband was Novelist Ernest Hemingway); in London.

Died. Maxwell Bodenheim, 60, popular poet and author of the literary '20s (*Renouncing Jessica*, *Naked on Roller Skates*) turned alcoholic and derelict; found murdered with his wife in their dingy furnished room; in Manhattan (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. Paul Althouse, 64, dramatic tenor who made his Metropolitan Opera debut in 1913 at 23, sang leading French and Italian roles until 1922 when he went abroad on tour and "discovered" Wagner, in 1934 returned to the Met a toponotch Wagnerian (Tristan, Lohengrin, Siegfried); after long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Alberto Braglia, 71, twice holder (1908, 1912) of the Olympic Games title: "Best All-Around Individual in Gymnastics"; of a heart attack; in Modena, Italy.

Died. Battling Nelson, 71, onetime (1908-10) lightweight world boxing champion; of lung cancer; in Chicago. Danish-born Oscar Matthew Nelson, who once went 40 rounds to lose the title to "Ad" Wolgast, always insisted that his 19 defeats (as against 58 victories) were not really defeats, because when the fights were stopped, he was still on his feet.

This announcement appears for purposes of record.

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The Hollywood Line

¶ After 23 years as M-G-M's top star, He-Man Clark Gable, 53, wound up his current contract with the studio, waved goodbye to his friends, and drove off for a vacation. After that, he will make pictures as a free-lancer. Also leaving the lot, after 16 years: Greer (Mrs. Miniver) Garson. Coincidentally, M-G-M, ready to celebrate its own 30th anniversary, announced that it would shut up shop, after finishing several current pictures, to prepare for its next production list.

¶ The *Hollywood Reporter* revealed that Producer-Director Howard Hawks, scouting Egypt for locations for *Land of the Pharaohs*, sent word home that he is encountering troubles: the Pyramids are not the "right size."

¶ M-G-M Advertising Executive Ernie Emerling listed the categories of "approach" angles for promotion campaigns: 1) Clinch ("As basic as Adam and Eve"); 2) See (SEE THE WILD ANIMALS STAMPEDE, SEE THE MARTYRS THROWN TO THE STARVING LIONS); 3) Sincere ("A dignified, editorial type of ad . . . THIS THEATER IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE . . ."); 4) Pike's Peak or Bust ("Jean Harlow kicked off the new trend . . ."); 5) How Much Is That Girlie 'Gaint the Lamppost? ("Such an illustration tells, without words, that the lady is shady"); 6) Musical Comedy ("Must be illustrated with a smiling, toothy twosome and be liberally peppered with prancing chorus girls and top-hatted dancers. HEAR 14 HIT TUNES must never be omitted").

The New Pictures

Riot in Cell Block 11 (Allied Artists) is the best prison movie produced in years. It employs what Hollywood chooses to call the "semi-documentary" style—which generally means only that the picture has no love story. In this case, it means something resembling clever crusading journalism, with a weather eye on the circulation figures. There is a moral in Producer Walter Wanger's tale: the need for reform in U.S. penal institutions is critical. The moral is slickly coated with violence, however, and the pill should go down easy with the mass public.

The plot is patterned on the prison riots of the last year and a half, when thousands of convicts in 35 prisons revolted, sometimes seized guards as hostages, and demanded better food and living conditions. That is what happens in *Cell Block 11* of the unidentified prison in question. The convicts, led by a long-term (Neville Brand), present their demands to a state mediator. He arrogantly rejects them. The riot explodes into other cell blocks. The prisoners run berserk in a thoroughly frightening scene of rage in the mass. In the end, the governor signs the prisoners' petition. The rioters disband. The pressure off, the state legislature repudiates the governor's act. Has anything been gained? A little, perhaps; on the

other hand, 30 years have been added to the ringleader's sentence.

The best thing about *Riot* is its mood of driving concern to get certain facts about prison life before the public. The camera seeks them in the hate-dark faces of prisoners, on the power-cold features of officials. Here and there it stares to find a human face: the warden (impressively played by Emile Meyer) is a figure as granite-hard as his prison walls, but a chisel of harder experience seems to have gouged his face with understanding.

Producer Wanger's interest in prison reform grew out of personal experience: in 1952 he served 98 days of a four-month sentence in Los Angeles County Honor Farm for shooting an actor's agent



PRISON RIOT SCENE
Wanted: aroused women.

whom Wanger suspected of having an unprofessional interest in Mrs. Wanger (Cinemactress Joan Bennett). His life in prison jolted him into a strong, new social consciousness.

Says he: "The repercussions of the prison problem are enormous. The cost of maintaining these places is tremendous to the taxpayer. The idea is vaguely rehabilitation. But of the 95% of inmates who are released, 65% come back to prison. So prisoners must be a failure . . . I felt the obligation to make this picture exciting enough to wake up taxpayers and the women of the country. If the women are aroused, something will be done about it."

The Great Diamond Robbery (M-G-M) is Red Skelton's second attempt in as many pictures to play it straight. If he had succeeded, *The Great Diamond Robbery* might have been an even more amusing picture than *Half a Hero* (TIME, Nov. 9). Instead, the stiff upper lip of a surprisingly mature wit goes into a maul-



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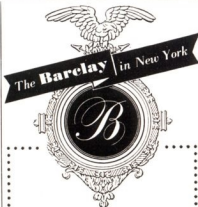
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lin flap of baby talk before the end of the first reel. Nevertheless, the plot is so neatly stacked, and the rest of the players so well handled by Director Robert Z. Leonard, that the moviegoer gets a pretty good deal.

Comedian Skelton is cast as Ambrose, a second-chisel man in a big Manhattan jewelry store, a diamond cutter whose tragedy is that he just bufs up the big ones for somebody else to blast. The big one in question is a stupendous rock called "The Blue Goddess," and some chisellers of another sort than Ambrose are interested in her. A foundling who has searched all his life for his parents, Ambrose thinks he has found them at last. Actually, he has run into a couple of shills for an underworld magnate (George Mathews), who is planning to heist the diamond and figures that Ambrose is the perfect patsy. The mobster tries to get his victim to



CARA WILLIAMS & RED SKELTON
A job for an assistant chiseler.

"bottom" the stone and cut it at home, but meanwhile the women in the caper unexpectedly drift into a nest-building mood over the poor motherless boy, and decide to put him wise to the double-cross. How Comedian Skelton cracks the conspiracy and the Goddess with one wild stroke of the old slapstick provides a real Keystone Kop finish.

Skelton's supporting cast is excellent. Dorothy Stickney, as a ginned-away shop-lifter redeemed by delusions of motherhood, is enormously funny. Cara Williams, the love interest, plays it tough and tender with equal sureness as a little Miss Wrong who is waiting for big Mr. Right. And Kurt Kasznar is just about perfect as a pillar of the pool hall trying to act like a paterfamilias.

Also Showing

His Majesty O'Keefe (Warner) may have a certain novelty for moviegoers who have not yet heard about how the natives were happy until the white man came. Money, says this script, grows on the



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TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1954

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coconut trees on the western Pacific island of Yap, but nobody bothers to pick it until Burt Lancaster makes port. He blackmails the poor natives into picking coconuts, and even becomes their king. But greed and lust soon pull the kingdom down, and the stage is set for love to conquer all. To satisfy the censors, somebody has to take the rap for Burt's misdeeds, but by this time the audience will probably be too heavily stunned with Technicolor and improbabilities to wonder why the villain should turn out to be German militarism.

Bad for Each Other (Columbia), something like an 83-minute footnote to the Hippocratic oath, is about a young coal-town M.D. (Charlton Heston) who goes to the big city and becomes a society doctor. As the money piles up, his stock of self-respect goes down, and in the end he drops the rich practice and the rich girl (Elizabeth Scott) who goes with it, heads back to the mining town—or is it the sexy nurse (Dianne Foster)?—that really needs him. Dr. Heston treats his patients with a pre-med manner of such overbearing superiority that he makes the saving of a man's life seem a kind of insult.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rob Roy, Walt Disney's fine, colorful Highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach, Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You, Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).

The Conquest of Everest, A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition that fought to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

Escape from Fort Bravo, High-style horse opera, a worthy stablemate to *Shane* and *High Noon*; with William Holden, John Forsythe (TIME, Dec. 14).

The Living Desert, Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw; seldom mild, often cruelly beautiful (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Little Fugitive, Seven-year-old Richie Andrusco on a wonderful lam through Coney Island (TIME, Nov. 2).

The Captain's Paradise, Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

The Robe, The first CinemaScope film; starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature and Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday, Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea, One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller (TIME, Aug. 21).

From Here to Eternity, James Jones's novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

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Irishman in Exile

IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL! (256 pp.)—Oliver St. John Gogarty—Doubleday (\$3.50).

"My thoughts are subjected to no rules . . . I can fly backwards and forwards in time and space." With which brave words Ireland's exiled poetaster and throat specialist, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, stakes off on the umpteenth lap of his favorite circuit—Dublin in the first decades of the century.

The difficulty is that most of the terrain has been described in his earlier flights (*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, *Going Native*, etc.). *It Isn't This Time of Year at All!*, his "informal and unpremeditated autobiography," is a hunt over the old ground for neglected oddments of gossip and reminiscence. It contains many fine old chestnuts (such as George Moore describing William Butler Yeats as "looking like an umbrella forgotten at a picnic") and a few fresh ones (such as the same George Moore, affronted by a badly cooked omelette, summoning a policeman and saying sternly: "Go down and arrest [my cook] for obtaining money under false pretenses"). But most of the new material consists of Author Gogarty's telling a lot more stories about his bosom friend Dr. Gogarty.

Stately Buck Mulligan. Son of a Dublin physician, Oliver Gogarty finished his education at three universities—Oxford, and Dublin's Trinity College and Royal. He left Oxford a hero—the only undergraduate, he reports, who had ever drained at a draught the famed silver ale scone of Worcester College (contents: "more than five pints"). Trinity College made a racing cyclist and physician of him, but the Royal gave him his chief claim to fame by bringing him in contact with an unknown student named James Joyce.

They were not alike. Student Gogarty was bibulous, ebullient, indulgent (or, as Joyce tagged him in the first sentence of *Ulysses*: "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan . . ."). Student Joyce was afflicted by "seedy hauteur" and rarely allowed "those thin lips of his [to] cream in a smile . . . the most damned soul I ever met." They shared rooms in an old tower outside Dublin until Gogarty upset the mutual trust one dark night by firing a revolver into a pile of saucapans that hung above the sleeping poet's pillow. In so far as he ever does, Gogarty blames himself for not having noted at the time "the latent lunacy" of his pistol-shy pal; but he explains that "it is one thing to study lunacy in an asylum, another . . . to recognize it in a friend."

To the tower friendship belongs the occasion when Joyce, while in search for a title for his first book of poems, stumbled on a salesman's suitcase containing one gross of "ladies' undies." Fortified with "a few pints," Joyce took the underwear to the red-light district and hurled it into



Wide World

AUTHOR GOGARTY

Revolver fire among the saucapans.

the bed of "the mistress of Sweeney the greengrocer . . . As he did so, his toe struck the night jar or 'chamber' and it rang musically." Gogarty and Joyce woke next morning lying side by side in a potato field, and the poet's first words, says Gogarty, were: "I have the title for my book of poems—*Chamber Music*."

Soon after, Joyce eloped to Paris with Hotel Maid Nora Barnacle. Gogarty set up practice in Dublin and became such a popular physician with the "moneyed garrison" of British troops that there was soon a grave danger of his being knighted for their pains. This would have resulted



AUTHOR JOYCE

Chamber music among the red lights.

in Gogarty's losing "the bulk of my practice"; Irish Republicans are not the type of people to understand that "a doctor has to be all things to all men." Gogarty was wondering whether Lloyds of London would insure him against the fatal accolade when the 1916 Easter Rising went off under his feet like a bomb. Hastily turning his back on Dublin, Gogarty holed up in distant Connemara.

Unforgiven Republicans. He re-emerged into public life as a Senator in the first, middle-of-the-road, Irish Free State Parliament and was sitting cozily in his senatorial tub one evening when he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol on his bare neck and heard a grim voice bark: "Out! And be quick!" His captors (De Valera Republicans) took him to a wall outside Dublin and were, he says, about to shoot him when he sprang into the River Liffey and swam to safety. "With much reluctance," he moved his practice to London, "where I was feted as a hero."

Gogarty, who now lives in Manhattan, has never forgiven De Valera (He "did more harm to Ireland than Cromwell"). But although he says he would gladly live his life over again "with little change," his tone of conviction is rather that of the Irish professor who, on being asked, "Are you saved?", replied: "To tell you the truth, my good fellow, I am, but it was such a narrow squeak it does not bear talking about."

Worth the Money

NEW SHORT NOVELS (188 pp.)—Jean Stafford, Elizabeth Etnier, Clyde Miller, Shelby Foote—Ballantine (cloth \$2.75, paper 35c).

The most preoccupying subject in the U.S. book trade just now is the future of paperbacks—and the chance of finding a big market for paperback originals as well as for reprints. But in all the chatter, few ask the question: How good is the stuff being published? The talk runs, instead, to sales and distribution problems, to authors turning from established publishers to the better royalty deals and bigger circulation promised by the paperback newcomers.

The simple fact is that while reprints have been aiming at generally higher quality, paperback originals worth reading have been extremely rare. No first-rate U.S. novelist has yet left the conventional publishers, and all the paper publishers together have not turned up a promising newcomer.

The news this week is that writing of a pretty high level has at last shown up between the covers of a 35¢ book. No old-line publisher need have been ashamed to sponsor *New Short Novels* between boards, though it is doubtful that he would have got back his investment from bookstore sales. If the book succeeds at the newsstands and in the drugstores, it will be the first real sign that U.S. readers are as hungry for good new writing at a fair price as some in the trade believe.

New Short Novels contains only four long stories, and it gets off to a shaky



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start. *Ride Out*, by Mississippi Novelist Shelby Foote, is actually an elongation of a *Satevepost* story about the tragic end of a dedicated Negro jazz trumpeter. Sincere, but derivative and commonplace, it probably should not have been included in the first place. But the other three provide a session of good reading for less than the price of a light breakfast.

Elizabeth Etnier's *The Willow* is a cleanly written story of a Maine coast tragedy. Like a lot of people, young Maud and Dave Higgins were enchanted by the idea of escaping dull jobs in New York and going to live on a lovely island. Actually, they were misfits, "artistic" without being artists, totally unable to cope with life. At first, life on the island was the idyl they had dreamed, but when their money ran out and children came, the cruel business of earning a living in a



NOVELIST STAFFORD
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hard country turned romance into a poverty-draped nightmare. With charity, economy, and a nice sense of fictional pace, Author Etnier generates complete sympathy for weaklings who learn too late that the price of calculated romanticism comes high.

In *The Gentle Season*, young (27) University of Florida Librarian Clyde Miller writes simply about a Southern tragedy that would have tempted most of his Southern contemporaries into pure bathos. An attractive, selfish woman gradually breaks down a man's spirit by refusing her love. Her teen-age nephew tells the story, and because he admires Captain Traill, the tragedy seems all the deeper. Unlike most sensitive boys of Southern fiction, young Joshua understands enough of an adult situation, but not so much that the tale appears incredible. At the start of his career, Author Miller already knows that what is left out is sometimes what makes the story effective.

Most disturbing of the three is Jean

TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1954



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Stafford's expertly written *A Winter's Tale*. With its prewar Heidelberg setting (where Author Stafford was once a student), its subtle mixture of Nazi erosion, false piety and neurotic love, this is not a story for those who want happy endings. Domineering Frau Professor Galt is hated not only by her husband and her young American visitor, but by her young lover as well. To the American girl who takes the lover away briefly before he goes on military maneuvers, he seems at once preoccupied, cruel and dead inside. Not until their last fling does she discover that he is a Jew, that sadistic Frau Galt has held on to him by holding his secret over his head.

None of these stories is cheerful, but none of them lays on tragedy for false or startling effects. All of them have several good things in common: genuine sympathy for the human condition, writing that is lucid and individual, artfulness without artiness, and that rapidly declining virtue, the knack of telling a story.

The Case for Christendom

MEDIEVAL ESSAYS (271 pp.)—Christopher Dawson—Sheed & Ward (\$3.50).

Europe's statesmen and its NATO generals can get as far as common-defense plans and frontierless trade patterns. Beyond this, the idea of a unified Europe tends to be a rainbow-colored vision: most Europeans, educated in mutually contradictory nationalisms or ideologies, specify no satisfactory universal basis for it. One of the few who attempt the statement is British Historian Christopher Dawson. "The source of the actual sociological unity which we call Europe," Dawson says flatly, "is Christian culture." His lifelong argument: without educating themselves in their universal Christian cultural foundations, Europeans will never grasp why their continent can be more than a congeries of geographical neighbors, serviced by the same wagon-lit system.

Dawson, now 64, has spent the last 40 years examining how Christianity got itself into Europe's bloodstream, and how and why it made the body grow. He has focused his studies on Europe's Middle Ages, a period that many European historians skip over lightly. Although a Roman Catholic himself, Dawson does not take the tack of the conventional Catholic medieval apologist, who regards the period as a happy but vanished Golden Age when there were no Protestants around. For Historian Dawson, the Middle Ages can be studied only as a fusion of religion and culture, a "long 1,000-year process" that formed Western culture and continues to influence it.

Medieval Essays is a handy sampler of Dawson's view of history. He writes with the smooth mixture of clarity, scholarship and happy metaphor that characterizes good British historians, and the imperturbability of a man content with a lim-

© Gibbon, writing in the *Decline and Fall*, scornfully dismissed them as "the triumph of barbarism and religion."

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ited audience. (His 5 books have had an average U.S. sale of 1,600 copies.)

The Waiting Room? The word medieval still holds a connotation of cobwebbed armor, bad sanitary facilities and picture-postcard Gothic cathedrals. Although 20th century historians deal more kindly with medieval man than did their Victorian forerunners, he still seems even further removed from modern mentality than the classic Greeks and Romans.

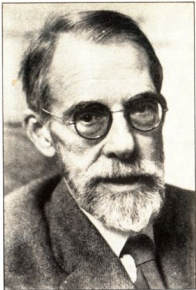
Dawson challenges this idea of the medieval man's remoteness. Modern civilization, he says, owes far more to men like St. Augustine and Pope Gregory VII than is admitted, and medieval men deserve the credit for much that is attributed to earlier or later periods. The modern world, for example, praises 16th century Renaissance humanists for reviving the Latin classics and scientific learning. Actually, says Dawson, it was medieval scholars who produced the really "new fact in the history of the West"—the rediscovery of Greek learning by the 13th century.

The tragedy of a modern Western man's education, in Dawson's estimate, is the gap in his learning and understanding between the classical ages and modern times, between Plato and Isaac Newton. The gap was created, he thinks, because medieval culture was so intertwined with religion. Since Renaissance humanists were tired of religion, and later European scholars thought that religion had no business anywhere outside the church, they all either ignored or missed the fact that the so-called Age of Faith was in fact the formative period of their own culture.

Writes Dawson in his first essay: "If, as I believe, religion is the key of history and it is impossible to understand a culture unless we understand its religious roots, then the Middle Ages are not a kind of waiting room between two different worlds, but the age which made a new world, the world from which we come and to which in a sense we still belong."

The World Astray. Some of Dawson's essays turn over bits of information that the non-scholarly reader hardly expects to find. (Sample: Christianity got its ideas about courtly love and chivalrous knightood from the Moslem civilizations of Spain.) But he seldom loses sight of the central struggle of the Middle Ages: the effort to build a truly universal Christian civilization—"the City of God on earth." Mostly the struggle was in the form of competition between the Church and the Holy Roman Empire—"between the ideal of a theocratic empire and that of a theocratic church, each of which was inspired by the same vision of an all-embracing Christian society."

The great effort of the Middle Ages failed, largely because of the loss in the spiritual prestige of the papacy during its 14th century sojourn in Avignon. But the struggles it evoked had firmly implanted in Europe a common heritage of religion, law, art, science and leisure. Even in the dark days of the 14th century, as the hoped-for synthesis was fast collapsing, Christian Europe threw up its greatest religious poets—Dante and Wil-



Brian Seed

HISTORIAN DAWSON

For medieval man, modern credit.

liam Langland, the poor London clerk who wrote *Piers Plowman*.² Both of them, says Dawson, although on different levels, wrote, convinced "that the world had gone astray."

Although Dawson, along with Dante and Langland, sometimes stops for a quiet tear over medieval man's passing, he is far more interested in communicating the worth of medieval man—his feeling for spirituality, his sense of social community, his universal values—to his descendants in modern Europe. For one thing, the medieval "world of Christian culture" is more akin to the present than the humanist traditions that have governed Europe since the Renaissance.

Says Dawson: "The [medieval world] was always at grips with the problem of barbarism. It had to face the external threat of alien and hostile cultures, while at the same time it was in conflict with barbaric elements within its own social environment which it had to control and transform. And in this work it could not rely on the existence of common standards of civilization or common moral values. It had to create its own moral order before it could achieve an ordered form of civilized existence."

For NATO statesmen, Historian Dawson offers the comfort of a historical parallel: for the everyday citizen in the world of 1954, a reminder that a long-created moral order is already in existence.

✶ Dawson rates Langland's contemporary, Chaucer, as more of a courtly storyteller who "took the world as he found it," very like his Italian opposite number, Boccaccio. Not so Langland, who wrote bitterly of his times:

Lord laughed Life . . .
And armed him in haste—with words of har-
lotry
And held Holiness for a jest—and Courtesy
for a waster,
And Loyalty a churl—and Liar a gentleman,
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73 PUBLIC SQUARE • CHERRY 1-4200 • CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



A stopwatch and a broom taught
me this money-saving lesson

New KENFLEX floors really cut maintenance costs

MAINTENANCE COSTS soar when floor cleaning jobs take too long! That's why the money-saving solution to your upkeep problems is new KenFlex Vinyl Tile... a truly greaseproof floor specially created to clean easier and faster... for far less cost.

KenFlex never needs waxing (except for *extra* gloss)... and the smooth, colorful surface has no pores to trap grit and grime... is unharmed by greases and oils that stain and shorten the life of ordinary floors. Yet, with all its superiority, KenFlex costs less than many floors that offer just a few of its quality features.

Get full details on KenFlex Vinyl Tile... and all the other fine Kentile, Inc. resilient tile floors... from the Kentile Flooring Contractor. He's listed under FLOORS in the Classified Telephone Directory.

KENFLEX

VINYL TILE

KENTILE * SPECIAL KENTILE * KENCORK * KENRUBBER * KENFLEX

Kentile, Inc., 58 Second Avenue, Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MISCELLANY

Start at the Top. In St. Louis, the state employment service got a request from a bank organizer in Farmington, Mo. for a man "30 to 38 years old, to be president of the new bank..."

Low Score. In Mexico City, Felipe Ladelski flunked his driver's test when he ran over a traffic officer and broke his leg.

Cold Facts. In San Bernardino, Calif., clever burglars removed the electric fuses in John B. Rapier's store, were caught red-handed when Rapier appeared from his living quarters to see why his electric blanket had gone off.

The Fine Line. In Dallas, charged with rifling the safe of the Farmers' Meat Market, Reggie Stewart explained to detectives why he had carefully padlocked the front door before leaving: "I didn't want some thief to come along and steal all the man's meat."

Insider. In Memphis, Bill M. Johnson was excused from jury duty after he told Defense Attorney Hunter Cochran that he was a professional mind reader.

For Worse. In Omaha, when Mrs. Gertrude Schwarting charged that her husband Ervin was argumentative, ran with other women, stayed out all night and drank heavily, an unsympathetic court told her to stick with him because she had married him "for better or for worse."

December View. In Indianapolis, Charles L. Featherston, 91, got a divorce from his wife Rozella, 65, who had left him after only one day of marriage, commented to the judge, "I guess she was too young for me."

To Be Frank. In Nashville, Frank S. Murray, charged with drunken driving, appeared before the judge nine days late, truthfully explained why he had missed his first court date: "To tell the truth, judge, I was drunk."

Bottom Card. In Elkhart, Ind., George Lewis Jr., picked up in a raid on a local gaming house and taken to the police station, raised his \$25 release bond by picking the pocket of a fellow gambler.

One on the Road. In Knoxville, Tenn., after their cars collided, William Z. Burnette and Milburn H. Holbrook were freed when they told the judge that the only drinks they had had were a couple of nips while waiting 45 minutes for the police to show up and investigate the accident.

On Second Thought. In East Paterson, N.J., the *Shopper* carried this ad: FOR RENT—WIDOW WOULD LIKE TO SHARE APARTMENT WITH ANOTHER WOMAN, MIDDLE-AGED, OR GENTLEMAN WITH REFERENCES...



FRENCH CALENDAR CLOCK. Lower dial shows months, days, dates, phases of moon. From the famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock... the whiskey that didn't watch the clock...seven long years!



VIENNESE PENDULETTE. Heart, pushed down rod, re-ascends in 24 hours. Unique in America, as is Old Charter, better by the drink because it's aged longer by the clock.

OLD CHARTER GOES INTO THE CASK A SUPERIOR WHISKEY. Seven slow years' aging mellow it to rare magnificence. These two simple, but vital, factors are behind the superb flavor that is Old Charter's, alone. Long a bourbon drinker's *premier* whiskey, Old Charter's superb quality and rare smooth flavor have actually won over many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. It has become one of the leading *quality* whiskeys in America. Try it yourself. You'll see *why*.

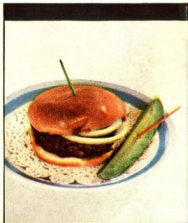


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Kentucky's Finest Bourbon

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF
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After the prom...it's Coke Time



The party's over, but not the fun. Now it's Coke Time... time to savor the flavor of the world's most popular soft drink. Sparkling Coca-Cola, blend of delicious good things from nine sunny climes. A matchless taste, a supreme quality. Have a Coke and be happy.

